THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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CONTENTS

COVER DRAWING . . . . . *Oscar Cesare*

FRONTISPIECE . *Painting by Georgia O'Keeffe* 676

SHADOWS OF PROSPERITY . . *Leo Wolman* 677

IS UNEMPLOYMENT HERE? . *Beulah Amidon* 679

HENRY FORD . . . *Drawing by S. J. Woolf* 682

WHEN MASS PRODUCTION STALLS . . . . . *Paul U. Kellogg* 683

SECURITY FOR EIGHTEEN MILLION WORKERS *Felix Morley* 687

FATE LIFTS THE LID IN PITTSBURGH . . *William Penn* 690

WHY I TAKE THE WORKER FOR A MODEL . *Three sculptures by Max Kalish* 691

A TOWN FOR THE MOTOR AGE . . . . *Geddes Smith* 694

SATEVEPOST . . . . . *Leon Whipple* 699

PSYCHOLOGY FOR LOW-BROWS . . . . . *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* 704

AT THE CROSS-ROADS IN IMMIGRATION . *John Palmer Gavit* 708

LETTERS & LIFE . . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 711

The Gist of It

FOR some weeks the threads that shuttle through The Survey office have been weaving an unexpected picture of unemployment—men and women idle in every section of the country because they cannot find work to do. It has become more and more apparent that there is now a real crisis—the worst since 1921, according to reports on labor conditions. From summaries of current trends, from state labor department reports, from the anxious testimony of friends of The Survey, social workers, physicians, nurses, teachers and others in contact with wage-earners and their families there emerges the disquieting picture of a nation-wide unemployment. The other side of the picture is the reiteration by certain commercial and official groups that there never has been such prosperity, especially for the American wage-earner.

FROM the point of view of a labor economist, LEO WOLMAN reads for us the causes and the portents of the falling employment barometer, page 677. He feels that we face, not the peril of a sudden crashing storm, but the long, slow gathering of thick weather, and he interprets the current unemployment in terms of a gradual business recession, our uncontrolled seasonal trades and the increasing mechanization of our manufacturing processes. MR. WOLMAN, who was chief of the section on production and statistics of the War Industries Board and a member of the advisory committee of the U. S. Unemployment Conference in 1921, is now a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research and head of the research department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

BECAUSE social workers are inevitably among the first to feel the impact of local unemployment, BEULAH AMIDON of The Survey staff appealed to family welfare agencies in widely scattered cities for unemployment facts as they face them. Here is a picture of out-of-work wage-earners in terms of increased case loads, mounting appeals for relief, and communities still complacently unaware of industry's slowing down. Page 679.

WE have counted on the new techniques of mass production as stabilizing factors in the jerky organization of modern industry. PAUL U. KELLOGG, editor of The Survey, recently returned from Detroit, tells what happens when mass production stalls, a record of lost work-time, lost wages, family and community disorganization caused by the failure of large-scale production to apply to the human factor in production the forethought and intelligence turned upon machines and credit. The backwash of the Ford lay-off in Detroit left stagnant pools in many other communities. Ford's resumption is a factor for revival. Page 682.

STATE supported unemployment insurance has been put forward as both prevention and cure for industrial instability. FELIX MORLEY, a member of the staff of the Baltimore Sun and author of Unemployment Relief in Great Britain, maintains, on the basis of English and German experience, that only long and careful spade-work will make us ready for an effort to apply this remedy to American industrial conditions. Page 687.

UNEXPECTED happenings recently aroused Pittsburgh to active relief measures for the families of miners who have been on strike for more than two years, and to consideration of the underlying industrial problems. WILLIAM PENN is the joint pseudonym of three collaborating contributors who know both Pittsburgh and coal. Page 690.

THAT truly witty saying that the automobile has separated us all into two classes, the quick and the dead, furnishes the point of departure for the new garden city announced by the City Housing Corporation of New York. For in Radburn, "a city for the motor age," the pedestrian has his day and his own exclusive right of way in the central open space of large squares. The story of the comfort and grace and economy of this embodiment of the vision of ALEXANDER M. BING is told on page 694 by GEDDES SMITH, sometime member of The Survey staff and now director of publications of the Child Health Demonstration Committee.

THE Saturday Evening Post has, we believe, never been seriously appraised other than as an advertising medium. Hence the significance of LEON WHIPPLE'S showing that it holds up a true mirror to the great average American public, its habits of selling and buying, its robust belief in its own familiar ways of doing things, its distrust of the new and the foreign, its delight in romantic fiction and its whole-hearted morality. MR. WHIPPLE is the book review editor of The Graphic and a professor of journalism at New York University. Page 699.

LEM and Lena, old friends of our readers, have gone and got married and are bringing up the youngster with the help of popular psychology. The strange hash that it makes in their minds furnishes one of the best of the stories by ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, who took such a severe case of psychology at Columbia that it left her marked for life with a Ph.D. and a job as referee —of Lems and Lenas—in the Cleveland Juvenile Court. The illustrations are by her distinguished fellow townsman, J. H. Donahey of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Page 704.

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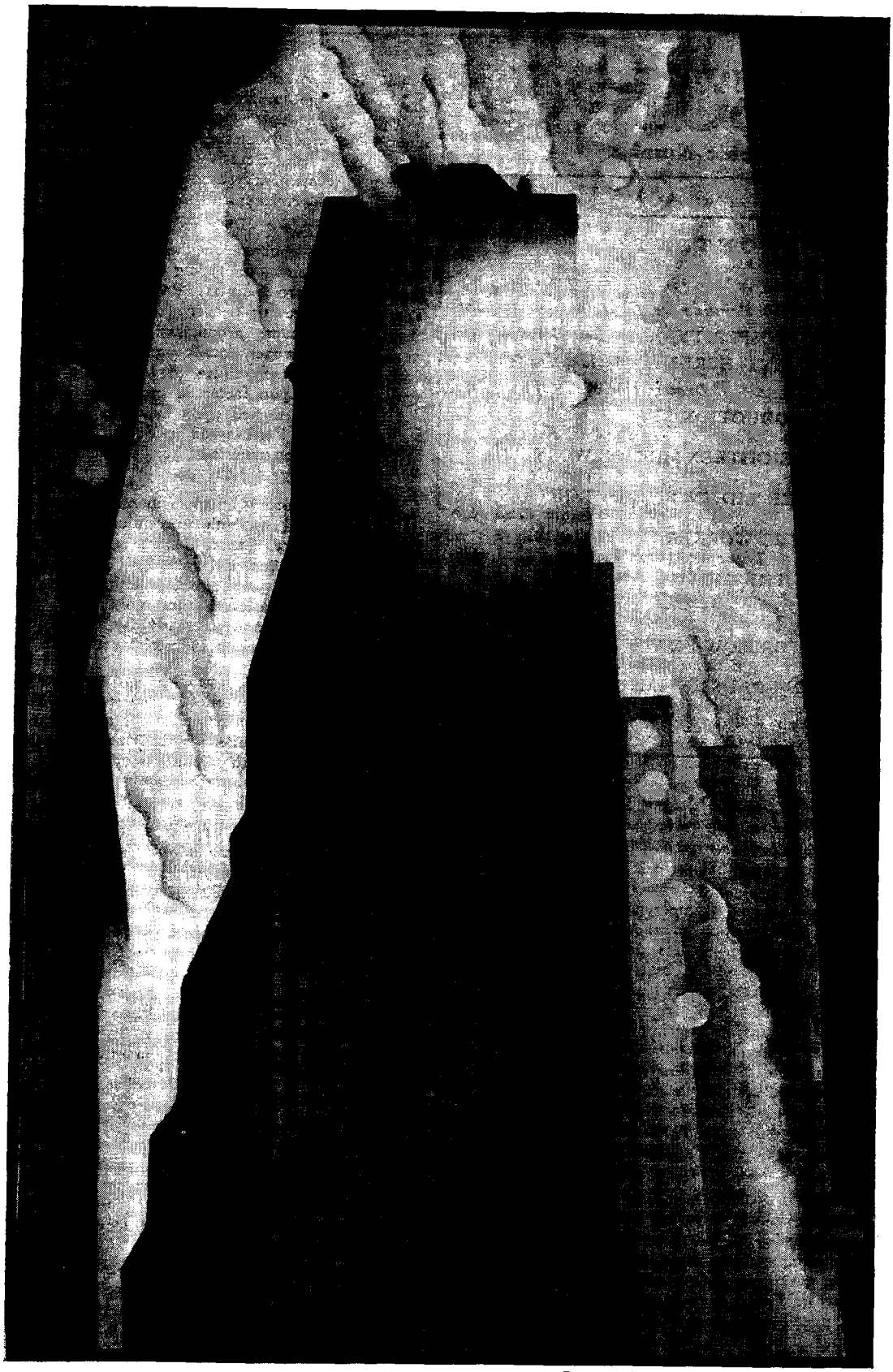

Courtesy The Intimate Gallery, New York

SUNSPOTS

By Georgia O'Keeffe

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

MARCH 1, 1928

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Shadows of Prosperity

By LEO WOLMAN

FIRST of all, this American prosperity which has confounded observers the world over, is at the most only five years old. It began somewhere in 1922. It has been characterized by keen competition, falling labor cost, and revolutions in industrial technic and management. The automobile industry has played a large part in it. Fifteen years ago that industry was new; it is now no longer new. It may not yet have reached its saturation point but it is certainly much closer to it than it has ever been. Meanwhile the construction industry has by common consent passed the peak of its post-war boom. In the smaller cities, building labor has suffered and, even in New York, reliable witnesses report considerable unemployment. Presumably during the past two years, and more particularly during 1927, these two extraordinary factors, favorable to the continued absorption of displaced labor, had begun to peter out and unemployment on a scale and of a character not unlike that known to our industrial districts before the War appeared again in this country.

In gauging its extent and significance today, it should be understood at the outset that there is no direct and satisfactory measure of unemployment in the United States. Witness the astonishing discrepancies in the estimates considered by the President's Unemployment Conference in 1921, which varied from 3,500,000 to 5,500,000 persons. We have in this country no adequate administrative machinery for registering the unemployed or for recording their passage from one job to another and until we do we shall continue in the dark regarding the magnitude and character of the most difficult of our modern industrial problems. Trade unions play so inconsiderable a role in the bulk of American manufacture that their records cannot be expected to yield the information they supply in many countries. For the present, therefore, we are thrown back on data that leave the most puzzling questions unsolved.

There is mounting evidence of unemployment—a situation so serious that were it true of the stock market, there would be grave public concern. We have felt it a special charge on Survey Graphic, and turned to an economist who has spent the last three years in study of the labor market with these questions: How much unemployment? What are its causes? Why do we hear so little of it?

What these questions are, it is easy to see. Since the War—and in some cases before—various federal and state labor departments have been publishing, monthly, the number of persons employed in manufacturing industries and the total wages received by them. Wherever collected and by whatever methods they are checked, these figures appear always to tell the same story of a steady decline both in the number employed and in total wages, although the decline in employment is greater than in wages. Thus the most recent figures of the U. S. Department of Labor show that the number employed in manufacturing industries was nearly 12 per cent lower in 1927 than in 1923 and the wages paid almost 8 per cent less. Independent investigations appear in general to confirm this trend. If there were no conflicting factors, it would be simple to draw the plain conclusion from these figures that something like 10 per cent of our factory population were unemployed in 1927.

Students of the matter concede this continuous and substantial decline but point to the growth of new alternative employment which, in their judgment, has furnished work to those laid off by manufacturing industries. And there's the statistical rub. The employment statistics of the railroads reveal a steady decline in the employment of railroad labor. The mining industry appears to be in position to meet the needs of its market with a smaller and smaller labor force. There remain only two great occupational groups: construction on the one hand, and on the other trade, commerce and clerical work. The last includes conveniently clerks, stenographers, salespeople, chauffeurs, attendants at filling stations and in garages. On the two important categories, we have no

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statistical series in any measure as adequate or as reliable as those for manufacturing, railroading, and mining. Figures collected and published by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce indicate an enormous growth in the operations auxiliary to automobile making. But, while they are indicative of an actual trend, they can lay no claim to accuracy nor can they be used to estimate the volume of absorption of factory labor afforded by these new occupations. The construction industry likewise grew during its boom period prior to 1927; but its growth, like that of manufacturing industries, was characterized by an increasing output per man, the effects of which on employment we have no present means for measuring at all.

WHAT, then, are the probabilities? My cursory analysis of the present and immediate past has not considered crucial factors that have already exerted a considerable, and far from ameliorative, influence on the prevailing state of affairs. Along with the increase in efficiency of American industry, there has been steady growth of our potential working population, and this in spite of immigration restriction. The progressive industrialization of Negroes and of women, and the discovery and utilization of a growing working population in the South have already done much to aggravate the problem of unemployment. They will, in all probability, make it even more difficult in the near future. For in a period of severe competition, which is so characteristic of the present phase of our business cycle, the drive for lower costs and cheaper labor is likely to continue.

Our contemporary unemployment, also, has already assumed peculiar characteristics. An efficient mechanized industry inevitably puts a premium on youth. Lay-off, whether because of business slack or of improved technic, is more and more likely to affect the older workers. Such devices as old-age pensions and mass insurance, which in American industry have assumed amazing proportions, contribute to the same result, since all such life-insurance and pension plans are cheap only as long as the average age of the insured is low. If these trends, already discernible, pursue their natural course, how to handle the problem of unemployment among the retired workers of industry will severely test our resourcefulness and ingenuity.

That a substantial volume of unemployment is prevalent at the present time is indisputable; equally so the existence of forces that may bring in their train waves of even more severe unemployment. All the more surprising, therefore, has it been that conditions such as have existed in this country for a year past have elicited so little public discussion and caused so little public concern. One common explanation is that the unemployed American worker has suffered little actual distress because he draws, while he is unemployed, upon his accumulated savings or investments. That the financial reserves of workingmen in this country are far in excess of those abroad is unquestionably true. But that they are sufficient to tide them over a substantial period of unemployment is highly doubtful and certainly not capable of statistical demonstration. We have only guesswork to go on when it comes to this central problem of the capacity of the American workingman to meet the various risks and uncertainties to which he is exposed.

It is at the same time clear that much of the general apathy is due to another cause. The people who are "up against it" lack any effective machinery of expression. Social protest periodically falls into disuse in this country. The million or more unemployed are separate and isolated individuals, represented by no labor organization or another agency like it. Each goes his own way. Once such a workman drops off the payroll, he is no longer even a member of a company union and that agency ceases to voice his grievances or to be concerned with his problems. The fact of the matter is that the vaunted efficiency and stabilization of American industry has not led to a stabilized labor market. The worker who loses his job is thrown upon as disorganized and anarchic a labor market as ever existed in this country. The more advanced employment and personnel departments of private industry, products of the War and its lessons, do not find their social counterpart in an integrated chain of public employment offices, whose function it would be to serve the interests of that large number of workingmen who are from time to time on no employer's payroll.

If it is sound industrial and business policy for an individual employer to organize his own labor market scientifically, it is clearly sound social policy for American industrial society as a whole to procure the most efficient organization of our labor market as a whole. The wastes of the old methods of employment, now largely discarded by the more enlightened of American employers, still inhere in the general labor market, where the unemployed often receive no service at all or become the prey of sharks.

WITHIN a single industry, and more often a single factory, the stabilization or regularization of industry still seems largely illusory. Payrolls, except for the all too short periods of the height of prosperity, fluctuate with frequency and with violence. Workers are added when business improves and are dropped when the tide of business turns, much as they seemed to be in the years before 1920. Establishments that have achieved regularization or that have made provisions for their unemployed workers do not appear to loom larger, with the passage of time, in the total industrial situation. American inventiveness, which has resulted in such outstanding contributions to the problems of management in its relation to production, has not been invoked to meet the far larger problem of stabilizing the incomes and regularizing the work of the industrial workers of the country. Industry is apparently still unprepared to define its obligations toward the men and women who constitute its working force and admit that hiring and firing involve profound social consequences.

This, it would seem, is the root of our present and our future unemployment problem in American industry. The evidence, difficult as it is to use it in the face of prevailing optimism, points unmistakably to the inability of industry to exercise effective control over its own fluctuations. Those who first and most seriously suffer the effects of business and industrial instability are the manual laborers. They become all too frequently the charges of an indifferent and unorganized community. This country is rich, beyond all imagination, in human and material resources. More than any other country in the world we are in a position to experiment intelligently with neglected social problems. In the matter of unemployment we have at our disposal the experience of the many countries of Europe which have for years devised their own peculiar methods of dealing with the problem. We are in a unique position both to organize the general labor market and to make provision for the unemployed. We have the resources and the talent to fashion administrative measures that should ensure the benefits and avoid the weaknesses of earlier experiments. We will do so when our leaders are alive to their social responsibilities.

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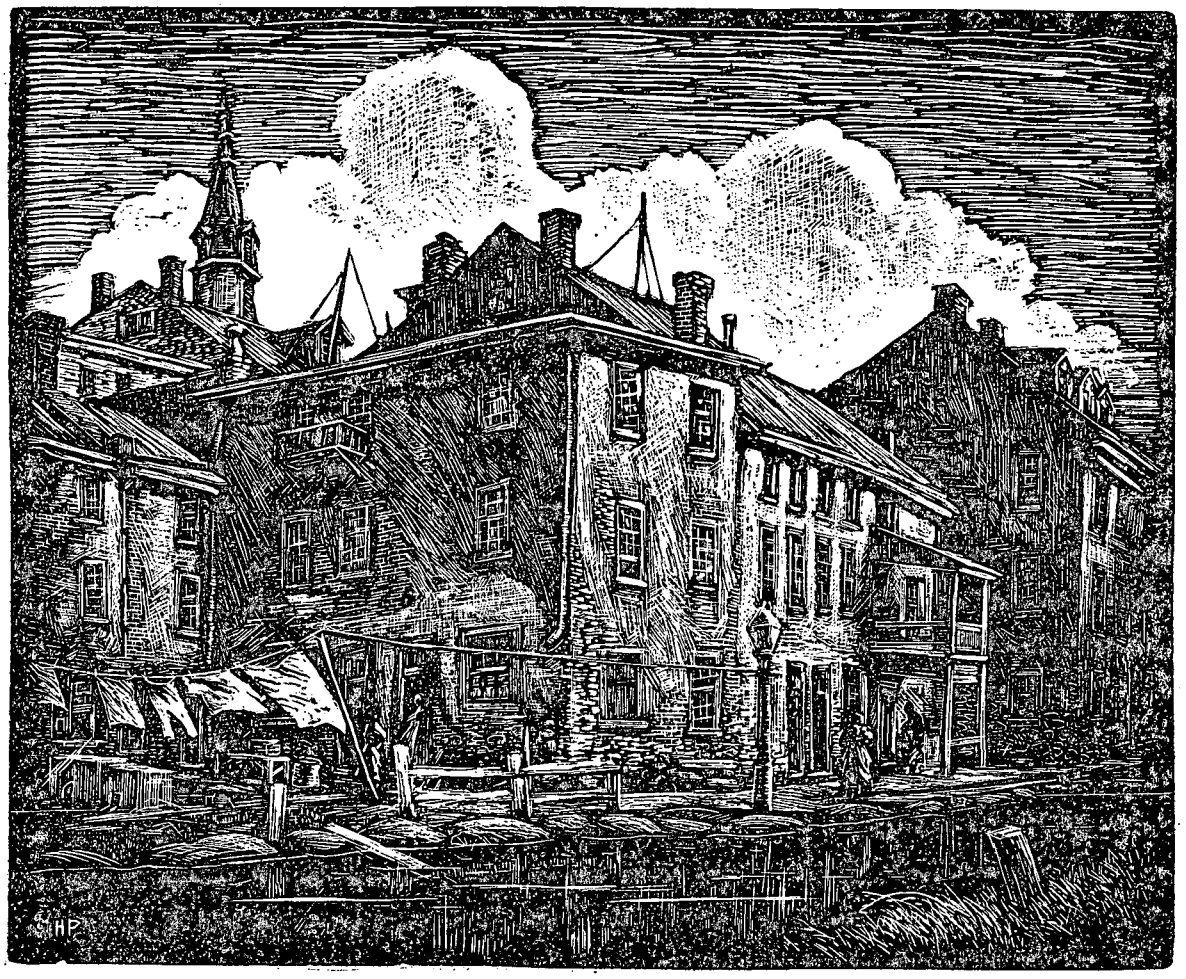

Woodcut by Herbert Pullinger

Along the canal at Manayunk, a factory district of Philadelphia

Is Unemployment Here?

By BEULAH AMIDON

FOR the first time in seven years unemployment is on the front page. It is not there as a local situation—a Ford lay-off, a coal strike, a textile mill cutting its work-week. This is large scale unemployment, men idle in every industrial center because they cannot find jobs. Wage-earners the country over face the reverse of that rosy picture of "unprecedented prosperity" at which we have gazed so long and so enthusiastically.

For some time there have been warnings of a falling employment barometer—an increase in the ratio of applications to placements in the public employment agencies, many more applications for home-work permits in large industrial cities, a steadily mounting number of men seeking shelter in homes for the homeless—bad weather signs which few of us noted. With the beginning of 1928, distress signals, local, state and national, began to go up rapidly. In New York, for example, the Charity Organization Society, through its vice-president. Otto T. Bannard, president of the New York Trust Co., sent out a general appeal for "help in this crisis," stating that it is "probably the worst we have had since 1921. Long lines of men wait here every day in the hope of finding work. When even the young and able-bodied are being laid off, can you imagine how hopeless it is for men who are ill or no longer young?" Governor Smith asked the State Industrial Commissioner for an immediate report on unemployment "to determine whether the state of New York, with its large public works program can do something toward relief of this situation." And at Washington, the Jones Bill, providing for a program of emergency public works, at length becomes news. It embodies recommendations of the President's Unemployment Conference, which met in 1921, under Herbert Hoover's chairmanship, and which had gone unheeded for seven fat years.

A fortnight ago, a member of The Survey staff gathered up a sheaf of reports from unrelated groups in widely scattered cities in all of which there was mention of acute local unemployment. These were spread out before a labor

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economist, and the economist was asked: What does this mean? Is there general unemployment? How much is there? Where is it? Why?

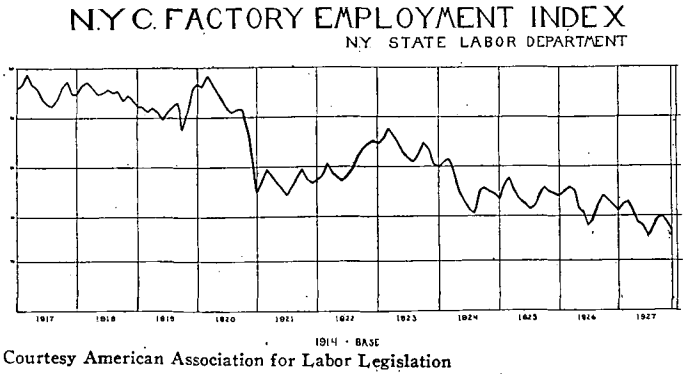
"There is no crisis, not in the accepted sense," said the economist. "This has been coming for a long time, slowly, like a glacier. Nobody has paid any attention. We have no general system of labor exchanges or unemployment insurance, making it to our immediate interest as a nation to know how many men are out of work and why and where. If we want to get a picture of the situation, we have to pick up bits here and there and piece them together. Why don't you take your questions to the family welfare agencies? They get the first impact of unemployment."

THE family welfare agencies of twenty-two cities outside New York replied to our request for facts about their unemployment situations. Differences in record-keeping and in division of responsibility among the agencies of the several communities make it difficult to compare these reports. It is clear, however, that case loads in industrial communities are markedly heavier this winter than last, and that there is a sharp increase in the number of families forced to seek help because of involuntary unemployment.

In Buffalo, New York, where the heavier end of the unemployment load is carried by the city Department of Social Welfare, the Charity Organization Society reports, "They are experiencing a worse situation today than in any year since 1921. For instance, in the week of January 6-12, 26 per cent of the applicants gave unemployment as the main cause of their difficulty. In the week from January 13-19, 29 per cent and in the week of the 20th to the 27th, 32 per cent. . . . In the year July 1, 1926, to June 30, 1927, the Department of Social Welfare spent about $310,050 in family welfare relief. They have increased their fund this year and have at their disposal $436,525. This increase has been sought on the basis of the pressure from an unemployment situation."

The general secretary of the Association for Community Welfare in Fall River, Massachusetts, indicates more acute unemployment than her own organization's figures (see table) reveal: "When our income fell off, as our contributors were not drawing dividends, our policy was changed to put the entire burden of unemployment on the Public Welfare Department. I happen to know that the department was giving relief to approximately 1,000 families the week of January 21, 1928. An ordinary case load for them is from 400 to 600 families. The head overseer of the department ascribed the increase to the local unemployment situation."

Based on the average number of wage-earners employed in the five years 1919-1923, the Division of Statistics, Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, represents employment in manufacturing establishments in the state as 77.2 per cent, the lowest point since the depression of 1920-21. "Boots and shoes and cotton goods are the industries hardest hit," Stockton Raymond of the Family Welfare Society of Boston points out, "employment in the former being represented by 46.2 and in the latter by 62.5. At the public employment offices the ratio of applications to positions filled is higher than it has been for a number of years, reflecting the situation as described."



Courtesy American Association for Labor Legislation

Factory employment in New York City touched a new low level in 1927, with indication of a still further downward trend

In Philadelphia, "there is considerably more unemployment this year than last, and the number of applications coming to us [Family Society of Philadelphia] is exceptionally heavy. . . . Last November we received 307 applications, which is a larger number than in any November since 1918, the November of the influenza epidemic. In December, 1927, we received 340 applications, but there have been two Decembers since 1918 when we have received more applications than this. . . . It is exceedingly difficult to obtain jobs, and there is no doubt that except for the winter of 1921-2 this is the worst period through which we have gone in ten years."

In Portland, Oregon, "there is a decided increase in unemployment. At present there are probably 38,000 unemployed people here, which is an increase of over 100 per cent in our usual unemployed population."

"The unemployment situation in Milwaukee this year has been the worst since 1922," the general secretary of the Family Welfare Association reports. "However, the situation has not been serious enough to term it a crisis and all indications point to a decided improvement from February on. The situation might have been worse had the winter been more serious."

In New York, the State Labor Department reports that in December employment touched its lowest point for the year 1927, and that in January approximately 20,000 wage-earners were laid off. This pulls the index of employment "lower than it has been at any time since the trough of the depression in the summer of 1921."

The Industrial Bulletin of the department gives the number of workers registered for each 100 places open as 165.4 for December, 1927, as compared with 137.2 for November, 1927, and 116.3 for December, 1926.

A voluntary employment agency in New York City reports that in January, 1927, it secured 207 jobs for 265 applicants through 960 contacts. This January it was able to get only 149 jobs for 489 applicants, and over two thousand interviews were required.

When jobs are scarce, industrial home-work increases. Nelle Swartz, director of the Bureau of Women and Children, New York Labor Department, states that while the applications for home-work permits usually average ten a day at this season, they now average more than twenty.

Men and women are out of work in industrial centers, according to the available evidence, not because we face a sudden crisis, but because of slower and less dramatic influences: uncontrolled seasonality in many trades, gradual business recession, increased mechanization of industry.

"Among many causes responsible for the increase in unemployment is the substitution of machinery for hand labor," Richard A. Flinn, chief of the division of employment for the New York Department of Labor, states. "Steam shovels now excavate in building construction, subway con-

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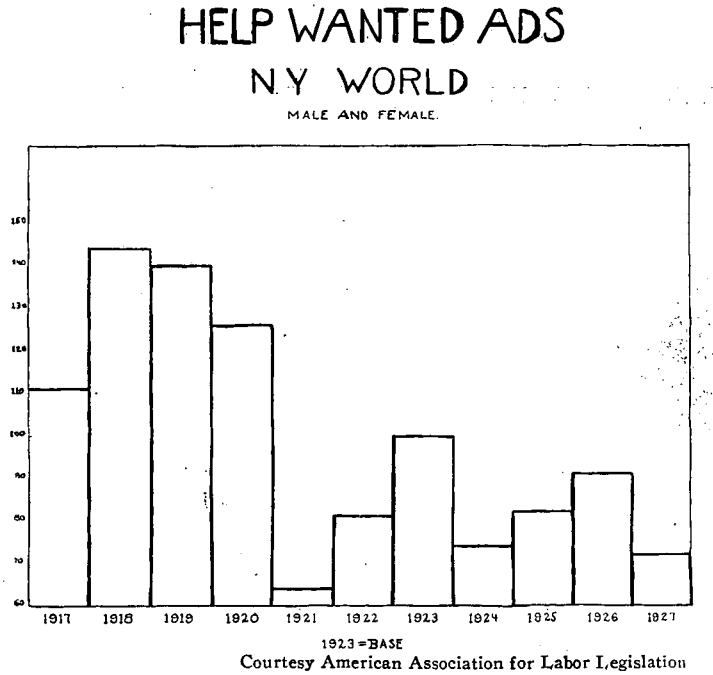

Courtesy American Association for Labor Legislation

The Help Wanted Ad trend supplements the New York Labor Department figures, since it measures for the most part domestic and "whit collar" jobs which are not included in the manufacturing index

struction, state road construction which formerly gave employment to thousands of unskilled workers. Conveyors take the place of wheelbarrows in transporting building material to the building mechanic. In modern shops, conveying machinery carries the product in the process of manufacturing from the place where it enters as raw material to the place where it is placed by machinery on the freight car or motor truck. Many of these indoor jobs are not available.

"Electrical appliances including the vacuum cleaner, washing machine, the electric iron, have curtailed the demand for casual women workers and the wet-wash laundry has lessened the demand for the casual laundry worker.

"Finally, the surplus of strong, able-bodied unskilled workers has given the employer the opportunity to select more carefully and as a result the applicant who does not look strong and healthy or who is no longer young finds it exceedingly difficult to obtain employment."

Chicago has caught the backwash both from the Ford lay-off and the soft coal strike. The city's widely heralded building and engineering program has brought an influx of men looking for jobs. At the same time, steel and iron, meat-packing and the clothing trades are "slowed up" and "freight tonnage has declined, throwing trainmen and dispatchers out of work."

Philadelphia and the New England communities suffer from the general depression in textiles. Fall River reports a ten per cent wage cut in addition to a three-day work week.

In St. Louis, "the increase in unemployment is probably due to a more complete shut-down in almost all types of factories employing both skilled and unskilled workers. . . . The industries in St. Louis are diversified, but we have noted that several of the large chemical companies producing patent medicines and drugs are not running full force, manufacturing plants making steel railroad cars are almost shut down, canning factories are employing only a portion of their usual force, and the clothing and shoe manufacturing companies, which represent the largest single industry in the city, are producing less than last year."

In Buffalo, "The industrial situation as a whole has been bad this winter. The policy of retrenchment began as far back as July and has affected the whole economic situation. The building trades, steel and metal trades, the automobile and the auto accessory manufacturers seem to have been our principal sufferers. . . . At the same time our local savings bank deposits have increased quite remarkably. . . . Personally, I feel this is because of the quite general feeling that jobs are so scarce that those who are employed are putting away the maximum amount in savings accounts in order to meet the possible break in employment."

Portland, Oregon, reports that "All our local industries are involved inasmuch as the principal industry which we have, lumber, is only at 50 per cent of its capacity and you can see what the effect would be upon all the other local industries." A similar situation is reported from the United Charities of Dallas, Texas: "The opinion of our staff is that there is more unemployment this winter than last winter. . . . There seems to be a general slowing down in all industries. The situation is not due to the closing down of any particular industry."

Three basic causes of widespread unemployment are set forth in this statement from Salt Lake City, Utah: "A great many of the mines in districts surrounding Salt Lake lay off men regularly each winter. These men pour into the city hoping to find work here. . . . In addition to the general business depression and the fact that we have so much seasonal work here, three of our largest concerns have laid off men, principally through the installation of improved machinery."

IN the present situation, there is little evidence that the country as a whole or that individual communities are adopting any sort of program for the relief of existing unemployment or for checking its spread. The Survey's question, Is the community making any effort to alleviate the unemployment situation, such as a cooperative labor exchange or increased public work? is answered with an unqualified "No" by the family welfare agencies of Providence, Jacksonville, Little Rock, New Haven, Fall River and Portland.

AS SIXTEEN CITIES REPORT IT

	Total active cases				Cases where the unemployment was a factor			
	Dec. 1926	Dec. 1927	Jan. 1-15, 1927	Jan. 1-15, 1928	Dec. 1926	Dec. 1927	Jan. 1-15, 1927	Jan. 1-15, 1928
Salt Lake City, Utah	205	300	124	208	90	133	98	150
Baltimore, Md.	1,639	1,866	1,528	1,797	217	534	372	877
Chicago, Ill	3,282	3,372	3,203*	3,390*‡		1978	529§	346
Milwaukee	2,060	2,200						
Providence, R. I.	624	525	603*	530*				
Youngstown, O.	457	877	270	461	98	321	51	182
Cleveland	2,980	3,255	3,065			1,367		
Kansas City, Mo.	1,218	1,357	419*§	338*§				
St. Louis	1,990	2,159	1,422	1,812	396‡	928	546	792
Boston	467	534		480	89	176		106
New Haven, Conn.	268	287			53	73		
Little Rock, Ark.	261	321	260	300	89	145	84	152
El Paso, Tex.	367	364	205	173	157	112	110	67
Jacksonville, Fla.	467	534		480	89	176		106
Portland, Ore.	1,220	1,078	552	630	472	392	270	350
Denver, Colo.	690	615	613*	553‡*	355	403	388*	380‡*

* Jan. 1-31 § Major cases, three month period
‡ Estimate *§ Intake only

The unemployment situation as shown by the records of the family welfare agencies

In Salt Lake City there have been "tentative group discussions but no definite effort made." In St. Louis, "the Community Council is proposing an employment bureau, which will not go into operation in time to affect the situation this year." (*Continued on page* 721)

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HENRY FORD

Drawn by S. J. Woolf for The New York Times

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When Mass Production Stalls

The second of two articles on Henry Ford's Hired Men, giving some inklings as to what his change in cars has meant to them—and to Detroit

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

ACRES of modern glass and steel construction, huge cement works, high lines and ore bins, blast furnace stacks and towering ovens form the matrix of the ocean-going port Henry Ford has dug out of the River Rouge. This is his Fordson plant at Detroit—"home" of Model A; and in one of the swift new Fords I was swung along a concrete road that led into it. We passed a junk pile fit for such company. It seemed to stretch for blocks, a small hill. It was made up of the beams and plates of transports, built for the United States Government during the War, now cut up for scrap for the Ford furnaces. Its contorted shapes looked like the bones of prehistoric sea monsters. Doubtless, the skeletons of old Model T Ford cars, which will be thrown on the scrap heap in 1928, would, if they were gathered together from all parts of the country and piled high, make a small mountain. Such things can be imagined if not seen. But the broken hopes, the plans gone wrong, the households wrenched apart, the children uprooted from schooling, as result of such a lay-off as that in the Ford plants in 1927 are not so easily visualized. They are there nonetheless, as Detroit knows to its cost.

Yet so far as I could gather, no acid sense of responsibility had etched such a picture on the retina of Detroit's business leaders as something that should be dealt with realistically—like the urban fire hazard for example, to be prevented, controlled; the losses spread out over normal years by public action or mutually, industry by industry. One informant made an estimate that in ordinary times 500,000 people are affected, directly or indirectly, by Ford's operations in and around Detroit. Business men, city officials, social workers, like so many volunteer fire companies, responded at various points where the consequences of unemployment broke out, but not concertedly; much less in a way to get at the tinder of its abiding immanence.

What happened was registered statistically on the chart of the Employers Association of Detroit from which the diagram on page 684 is drawn and which shows a sag of from twenty to seventy thousand jobs throughout the last fifteen months. Detroit early experienced the industrial recession and a spokesman for the Ford Company maintains that "Ford was the last to feel the slump in this city, the last to begin the lay off and the first to rehire, and it is not to him that the general business slump was due." Certain it is that one of the other large automobile plants was running low throughout this period; but elsewhere I was given reason to believe that the fluctuations in these employment curves for 1925, -26 and -27 register fairly accurately the fortunes of the Ford workers. A Ford official told me that in advance of their final lay-off of production crews last May, they set 25,000 as the figure they hoped to keep within, and he thought they had done it. Statistics given me by the company show 82,890 on the payroll last June, as against 99,739 for June, 1926—a spread of 17,000; but as against 120,275 for January, 1926—a spread of 37,000. These totals take no account of local companies supplying Ford parts, some of which shut down entirely. A social worker put the figure, between maximum and minimum production at the Ford plants and those serving them, at 60,000, which corresponds roughly with the Employers Association chart. A lay-off of 25,000 people at $6 a day, means a loss in wages for one month of $3,750,000; a lay-off of 60,000 means $9,000,000 a month less income for men and families.

The situation was mitigated by the fact that several other cars manufactured in Detroit, with Ford getting off the market, had a boom year in 1927—Hudson, Essex, Chrysler, Cadillac. There were no signals of panic. Bank deposits were up. New skyscrapers were going up. Merchandising in the big downtown stores was satisfactory. But that of the outlying stores that serve the residence neighborhoods of factory people was poor. Home buyers and real-estate operators were in trouble all down the line. The leniency of banks in tiding people over, was not alone due to considerateness; it would have been disastrous to foreclose. Doctors were hard hit, and there was scarcely a trade or profession that did not feel the pinch. The municipality was confronted with a pyramiding load of relief. In its money-raising campaign last fall, the Community Fund appealed to well-to-do Detroiters for $600,000 more than the year before (and they responded)—$300,000 to make good the loss in collections from wage-earning families, $300,000 to carry on the greater burden of work thrown upon the private medical and charitable agencies of the city.

THE Ford family was one of those to respond, giving $175,000 in all. Yet I do not gather that Mr. Ford thought through his relations to his employes in a way that would altogether distinguish between their households and his idle coal seams and his timber reserves or the unused water that ran over his spillways. Since his comparatively short-lived foray in paternalism, he has hewn to the line of paying high for work and letting the workers take care of themselves. "Put it all in the pay envelope." Ford dealers had lean months after the fat of the years also; and I imagine Ford lumped dealers and workers together in his mind. "Just because a man can raise a big family," he said

"MANKIND PASSES FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW ON A HUMAN BRIDGE FORMED BY THOSE WHO LABOR IN THE THREE PRINCIPAL ARTS—AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURE AND TRANSPORTATION"

—The wording of the Tablet above the main entrance to the office building and laboratories of the Ford Motor Company, at Dearborn, Michigan

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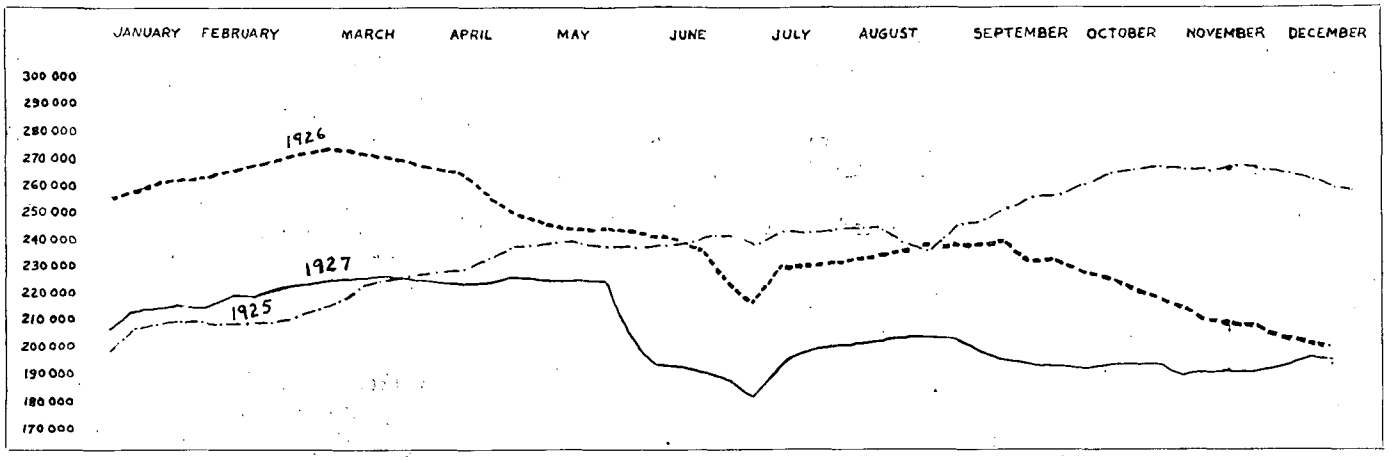

UNEMPLOYMENT—AS REGISTERED BY THE DETROIT EMPLOYERS ASSOCIATION

Production was at its peak in Detroit in March, 1926. From then to August the employment curve followed its normal course. But by mid-summer it began to sag as against 1925. It was 10,000 under in September, 40,000 under in October, 60,000 under in December. By March, 1927—a year from the peak, this sag stood at 40,000; and ranged from 20,000 to 30,000 throughout last spring and summer. From then on, compared with the sharp decline in the fall of 1926, the employment curve held a level course due to the fact that the Ford plants were getting into their new production: but compared with the corresponding months of 1925, the curve showed an under of 50,000 in September, 60,000 in October, 70,000 in November. The graph is based on reports from firms "whose employing strength includes approximately two-thirds of the working force of the manufacturing plants in the Detroit district."

to me, "is no sign that he is a good workman. With eleven million Ford cars in use, we could keep a big force going making parts for Model T. We had a lot of work going forward getting ready for the new car. We staggered the lay-off so as to spread the work out. We gave special consideration to married men, and to young fellows too, because it's when they are idle they get into trouble. But"—and here it was that he stepped on the gas—"I know it's done them a lot of good—everybody gets extravagant—to let them know that things are not going along too even always." Pure rationalizing, after the event, I took this to be. His mind had been on other things. He had been fighting for his traffic line in the sun. He has stated that his bank balance dropped a hundred million dollars in the process of changing models. And one of his associates, who roundly resented criticisms that his chief was callous to the consequences of unemployment, held up as a fairer measure of the man, his stewardship of his wealth when it came to financing the new car. Ford regarded his fortune as something given him by the people who had bought Model T. He poured from his huge surplus of $350,000,000 in molding his new instrument of service. And the investment does not reappear in the selling price of Model A. That was based solely on the new production costs. Why, as he looked at it, should he charge people interest and overhead on what they had given him? That is the way he gives it back. So my informant.

YET this associate was free to admit that when it came to dealing with a period of unemployment, there was no use in putting a gloss over things. The big industries had not worked the problem out when it came to a lay-off. And in a sense Ford executives were amateurs at the job. They hadn't had a real lay-off, he argued, in twenty years. And at the Employers Association the statement was made that in normal times the labor turnover at the Ford Motor Company has been the lowest of any large plant in the Detroit district—2½ to 3½ per cent a month as against the general run of 12 per cent. High wages and steady work have been the rule.

It is of the essence of controlled experiments in a laboratory that conditions which complicate a problem are shorn off so that its chief factors can be observed by themselves. What made the Ford lay-off stick up like a sore thumb was kindred to this very procedure of scientific isolation. Unless we dig beneath the surface indications of the press, the American people are still in piping times of prosperity. Here was a great urban district sharing in it up to the hilt as late as mid-winter of 1926; the center of an industry which has been the favored offspring of the new century; the infant prodigy of that industry. What happened to the Ford workers was not involved primarily in a general depression, local or national. Rather it was a dislocation in modern business as usual. Market changes threw this speeded working force off its rails of constant production and consecutive employment. Responsibility for what was done or left undone to cushion the predicament of Ford's employes was clear cut. No labor unions had a footing with which he had to reckon; nor was he bound up in local or trade associations among employers. He had a free hand and, as brought out in my earlier article, it is because he did the ordinary things in the ordinary way that his unemployment policy is significant as a cross-section of American economic experience.

What happened at the Ford plants and to the Ford workers was packed with meaning as to how much security, humanly speaking, we have contrived in our industrial civilization; and, more especially, how precarious mass production proves to be as a basis for livelihood.

By a unique division of field between the public and private agencies of Detroit, practically all relief work among individuals and families is carried on as a charge against tax moneys by the Social Service Division of the Municipal Department of Public Welfare, which describes itself as the "Family Welfare Society of the Detroit Community." There are trained family case workers on the staff of the division and in 1926, for example, they handled well toward ten thousand cases—more than half of the total—without resort to relief giving. At the same time, it is here that we have a first rough index of burdens which the hazards of employment threw upon Detroit. The total amount of relief given in 1925 was $787,381; that in 1926, $929,574;

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that in 1927, $1,954,942, or more than the two preceding years combined. $72,539 was given in relief in December, 1925; $150,950 in December, 1926; $248,187 in December, 1927. By November, 1926, the department was giving relief to 8,000 individuals as against 5,523 in November, 1925; by January, 1927, the figure had gone up to 21,750 as against 8,559 twelve months before; by March it had reached 24,117, continued around 15,000 throughout last spring and summer, and stood at 19,245 November last.

IN these comparisons it should be borne in mind that 1925 was a fairly normal year. In 1926, employment (as shown by the Employers' Association chart) was at its peak during the first half year, but by December twice as many families were on the books of the department as the year before; throughout the winter months of 1927 they were treble. Unemployment was ascribed as the immediate cause of dependency in 35 per cent of all cases in the 1926 report of the department. Commissioner Thomas A. Dolan put it at 45 per cent for 1927. As time went on, the plants of Detroit firms making screws, springs, cushions, bodies, etc., of whom Ford was the biggest customer, were closed down. Their employes were out entirely, as were many of Ford's production men after last May. In the earlier period, Ford men were laid off and on in shifts, but Commissioner Dolan told me that for over a year the department had found it necessary to supplement the wages of men thus staggered by the Ford Motor Company. Among them were men who had worked there for ten and twelve years, but could not support their families on the part-time pay. In most cases these people had exhausted every recourse before applying for relief, or for help in finding work through the department's employment bureau. The Ford commissary which sells at cost on a cash basis, offered no credit to help them along. The city department strengthened the hands of the little neighborhood merchants who were carrying them, by giving out orders on these stores. The emptying of shops on the main thoroughfares of the west side of town was illuminating as to the failure of the pay envelopes. Meat markets closed, drug stores, moving-picture houses. In a thousand ways the lay-off ravelled the fortunes of households. Help was needed to keep children in school. Director Harry W. Zahrn of the Social Service Division stated that his staff had looked up hundreds of householders who had applied for cancellation of taxes in order to keep their homes. In other cases, the division advanced $30 to $40 a month to keep up payments made on houses bought on the instalment plan—resorting to this as a more constructive move than to let families lose their equity and then pay rent for them elsewhere. This program was aided by banks, which let payment on principal swing; and by landlords who sometimes preferred to have properties occupied rentless rather than deteriorate in idleness. One owner, with over a hundred apartments, was $50,000 behind in rents; but there were nonetheless many threatened evictions. Often families managed by doubling up in two or three rooms. It was after all only the extreme cases that came to the department. The Ford company has won deserved appreciation for its employment of the lame, the halt and the blind in its specialized jobs. These workers shared in the ill wind and were of course least able to secure work elsewhere.

The crowded waiting rooms of free clinics registered the inability of people to meet their ordinary doctors' bills. The numbers coming to the Harper Hospital clinic last October were a third more than in October, 1925; to the Children's Hospital, a half more; to the North End Clinic double; to Grace Hospital treble. Even the child-placing societies felt it. The St. Vincent de Paul Society dealt with 1,111 cases last October—an increase of 234 over October, 1926, of 500 over October, 1925. These figures represent not only dislocated homes, but households no longer able to carry some self-imposed burden of love.

Of all the sufferers, perhaps the Negroes, as the newest comers in Detroit, were hardest hit. A social worker in a Negro district told me of their predicament, but it was set down in cold figures at the City Department. Of the 4,029 families given relief last November, 1,118 were colored, or 28 per cent. These included 5,137 persons out of the 86,000 colored population in the city. More than one out of twenty, in the old hard phrase, were "on the town."

With these

THE FORD WORKER
Issued Semi-Monthly by the Workers (Communist) Party, Ford Factory Branch
New Model Means Speed-up!
"GOT" ANOTHER WORKER
LOOKING FOR ANOTHER BOSS
BALDNESS AND "HOT-PIN FOREMEN"
WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!
The PACKARD WORKER
Issued Monthly by the Workers (Comm.) Party, Packard Factory Branch
PACKARD OWNERS PROSPER —WHAT ABOUT WORKERS?
We slave to create Packard's wealth!
SUNDAY AFTERNOON — 2:30
DECEMBER 18, 1927
— At —
DANCELAND
Woodward, near Forest
Protest Meeting Colorado Murders
BEN GITLOW—Leader of the Needle Trades Workers.
ALBERT WEISBORD — District Organizer Workers Party.
ADMISSION 10c
BENEFIT COLORADO MINERS
Auspices: Workers (Com.) Party
WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
The HUDSON WORKER
Issued Monthly by the Workers (Communist) Party Shop Nucleus
MILLIONS FOR HUDSON'S — WHAT FOR US?
NEW SPEED-UP ON THE WAY
WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
FISHER BODY WORKER
Issued Monthly by the Workers (Communist) Party Shop Nucleus
WORKERS CREATE ENORMOUS WEALTH
LAY-OFFS OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
Fisher Worker's Christmas Dinner!
Write for Fisher Body Workers—your own paper!
SUNDAY AFTERNOON — 2:30
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Auspices: Workers (Com.) Party

DISCONTENTMENT—
AS REGISTERED BY THE WORKERS (COMMUNIST) PARTY

No, these are not full page ads. from the Saturday Evening Post. But the little penny papers which bear the names of our best advertised cars, and which are sold around the factory gates in Detroit, and are put out by the Communists as the organs of their under-cover shop nuclei.

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glimpses of the consequences of the employment sag in Detroit which had its anti-climax at the Ford plants and their subordinate industries, let us look at the situation from the standpoint of Ford and his men who came up to the shift in models as a new experience for both. What the Ford Company did tallies pretty well with what the manufacturers attending the President's Unemployment Conference thought other manufacturers could do in the depression of 1921. It employed men, turn about, two or three weeks at a stretch so as to spread out its reduced payroll into as many pay envelopes as possible. It kept up production on Model T till June and thereafter continued to manufacture parts (as well as tractors and airplanes). It employed large numbers in overhauling the plant, designing and rebuilding machinery. It cut the working week to five days, and some of the time and for some of the departments to two and three days a week. It had reason to believe that there was a large margin of floating workers, single men—the suitcase crowd—who could shift for themselves, here today, there tomorrow. And another margin of men from small towns and farms, who had home places to go to, and might welcome a vacation. For the rest, it hoped as we have seen to keep the cut in its labor force down to 25,000, and with part-time work on its staggered shifts, possible jobs in nearby plants and the savings which people had had a chance to lay by at the high wages, it assumed that they would make out all right.

IN cutting down the crews, a foreman would keep those he considered his best men. But as a chief executive informed me, the employment department scrutinized the case of every man who was thus let go, and was the sieve they relied on to minimize hardships. I talked with the superintendent of this department at Fordson. While they had turned off 13,000 production men there, their force of tool makers and die cutters had risen to 5,000. Ford makes a great point of not hiring a man on his history—he may be from Yale or Sing Sing—the point is, Can he do a day's work? But of his work at Ford's there are short and simple annals—record slips on file in envelopes in the employment office, one slip for each position the man has filled and the foreman's notation as to why he quit or was transferred. It was explained that the policy in normal times is to transfer a man from job to job until he fits. It was these men with fat record envelopes—shifters—that were the first to go. A cripple who had made good had a far better chance. As far as possible, I was told, they transferred married men with large families—or gave them preference as work opened up. Foremen were kept on at ordinary jobs and ordinary wages and key men in the assembling crews put at other tasks till they were needed. The men who were laid off were entered in what was known as their live file—given preference in new employment: they held on to their badges and to their store checks, enabling them to save money by buying at the Ford commissary.

This employment work falls under a service division which seems to be an agglomeration of activities, covering much of everything outside of production—the upkeep of the physical plants, their policing, and the secret service work of the Ford Company. The chief of this division won his spurs in the Naval Intelligence during the War and to his desk come all complaints. "If they couldn't stand it," he said, "they'd holler. But for the most part, it was the wives that let us know. We looked into every letter that came in where a man was going to lose his home or was in bad for some other reason. If it turned out that way, we'd look around and find a single man, switch him over to another job at part time and put the man with the family in his place." The thing that seemed to bother these Ford executives most as to the difficulties the employes had been up against during the lay-off, was that small store-keepers had got them on their books and, especially among the foreign-speaking, had overcharged and fleeced them.

FOR purposes of comparison, I turned to the experience of a large industry in a mid-western city which faced reduced production in the aftermath of the depression of 1921. Here the first move of the employing corporation was to put the situation before their shop committee, on which there is a 50-50 representation as between employes and management. There were six of them on each side as they sat around the table and talked it through. Policies were adopted from time to time, approved by the shop committee, and interpreted by them to the rank and file of employes. They stopped hiring new men and transferred men from one department to fill vacancies in another. Later they faced a choice between cutting down the working time (and every one's earnings proportionately) or laying off some of their old men. The employes' representatives preferred the former. They shut down Saturdays and then Fridays. They laid off those boys and men with the briefest employment records. Unmarried men went next. These measures practically "solved the puzzle," which in its later stages called for a reduction of 25 per cent in the number on their large payroll. Each step was carried out by the management in close cooperation with the shop committee. Every man who left took with him his service record card as a help in getting him a job elsewhere. The employment men of the company engaged the collaboration of employment men of other companies in connecting men with such jobs, and members of the shop committee bestirred themselves likewise. When work picked up, the men laid off were taken back on the same basis on which they quit, old men having the first chance at the jobs. Meanwhile the company, which has a system for selling its stock to its employes, granted a moratorium on payments, and loaned money on these securities to help the men swing home-payments and the like. The union-management agreements in the Chicago garment trades have gone several laps further than this corporation, not only in setting up unemployment funds but in moves to prevent as well as deal with broken time. Like them the company-union procedure described did not by any means solve the hazard of unemployment, but it took off some raw edges. From the management's standpoint, it kept the nucleus of their working force intact. From the standpoint of the men, it not only recognized tenure of service but they had a genuine share in thinking through how a difficult corner was to be turned, the turning of which concerned them nearly.

IN contrast at Ford's, while there may have been lively considerateness, man to man, as employes were laid off or taken on during the emergency, they had no participation whatever in dealing with a situation they were in up to their necks. In workshop slang, decisions came down through the roof. Responsibility was single and divorced from those who most sorely felt its consequences. Through the roof, came the intention to keep discharges down to 25,000; but that did not hold by 10,000 between the maximum for 1926 and the minimum (*Continued on page 722*)

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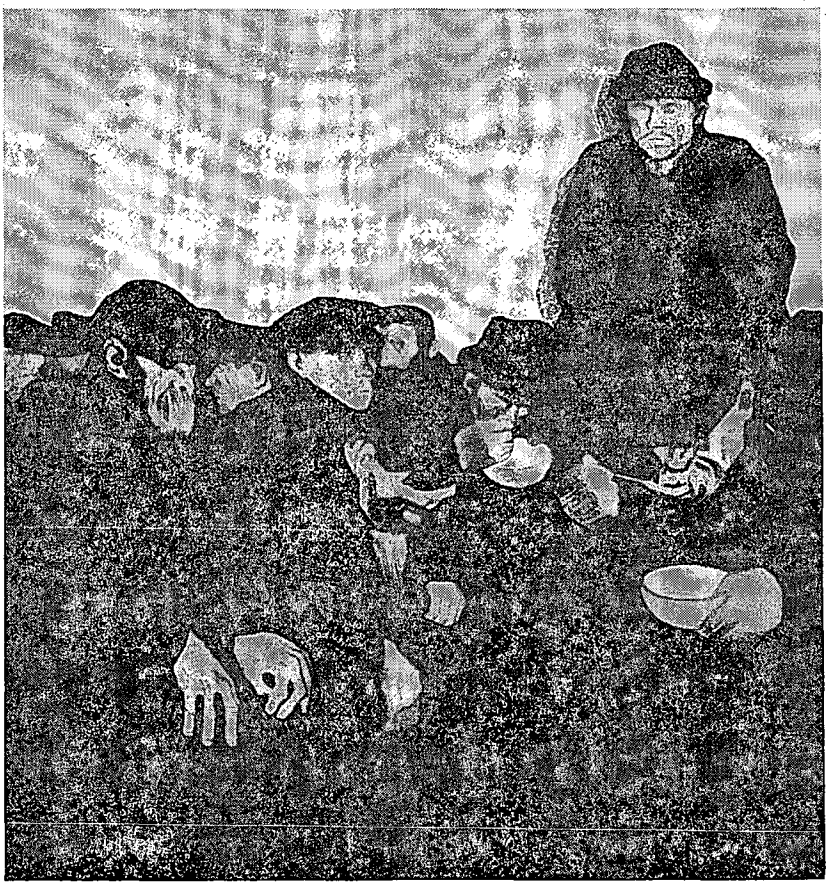

Hot Soup

Security for Eighteen Million Workers

By FELIX MORLEY

Drawings by Käthe Kollwitz, from Das Käthe Kollwitzwerk published by Carl Reissner, Dresden

THE German Republic has this winter put into operation the most ambitious scheme of compulsory unemployment insurance yet attempted in any nation. Over eighteen million wage-earners are covered by this plan, as compared with about twelve million insured by the state against loss of work in Great Britain and as contrasted with the uncertain number, certainly under a million, who are protected in this respect by private plans now operating in the United States.

It is a tribute both to the strength and the practical idealism of Germany that an experiment of this magnitude can be undertaken less than nine years after the close of a war which cost the country its foreign trade, its merchant marine, its colonies and a large part of its vital mineral resources. It is no less significant that the new unemployment insurance law is sponsored by the most conservative administration post-war Germany has had; that its inauguration follows charges of governmental extravagance by the American agent-general for reparations; and that it aligns Germany with Great Britain in support of the theory that unemployment is an insurable risk which should be a communal rather than an individual responsibility.

Parliament passed the first of the long series of British Unemployment Insurance Acts in 1911, and English experience in this form of social legislation has been closely watched in other countries. The influence of the British model on the new German system is marked, though the latter has benefitted by the failings of the former and is in many vital respects more carefully drawn and more logical than the English scheme. With us, individual employers may insure their workers against unemployment as part of a company welfare scheme; or strong unions like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers may make arrangements with management which are syndicalist rather than socialist in basic philosophy. I feel there is much to be said for unemployment insurance by industry as opposed to unemployment insurance by the state. But regardless of which is preferable, state insurance depends upon an efficient system of public employment exchanges as its basis.

The function of public employment exchanges is to bring together the jobless worker and the waiting job with a minimum of lost time and a maximum of mutual satisfaction. Unemployment insurance, on the other hand, does

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nothing to help its beneficiaries find work, but is designed to protect from the worst evils of involuntary unemployment those who have lost their jobs through no fault of their own. The two devices, one curative and the other remedial, are curiously tangled in the public mind, perhaps because they have long been closely associated in England. In Great Britain the national employment exchange system was barely launched before state-operated unemployment insurance was grafted onto it. "A special feature of the British system of exchanges," says the report of a Parliamentary committee of inquiry is that "these were founded, not solely or even mainly as placing agencies, but in order to prepare machinery for the administration of unemployment insurance."

German employment exchanges date from the nineties, and the personnel in charge has developed a most efficient technique in matching applicant and job. Here the effort has been to develop placement work to the highest possible degree of usefulness before burdening the staff with a complicated scheme of compulsory insurance. For this reason the German government has since the War chosen to pay out millions in carefully regulated doles to the unemployed rather than to initiate prematurely a plan of universal unemployment insurance. Insurance, in other words, merely caps a structure of unemployment relief which has been building for over a generation and which has progressed rapidly since the War.

From every viewpoint the employment exchange is the focus point of the German system. It is here that men receive transportation permits, enabling them to go to jobs which the nation-wide organization has found for them in other parts of the country. It is at the exchange that those trained for over-crowded or languishing occupations are advised about lines of work with more opportunity, and it is here that free vocational training is extended to re-absorb workers displaced by labor-saving machinery or other factors beyond their control. The juvenile divisions of the exchanges, as in England, work in close cooperation with the schools. The accurate information filed in the employment exchanges obviates the laborious, inquisitorial and often inefficient work of emergency agencies when relief work is necessary in a community. Through these files the men who most need relief work can be chosen with due regard for efficiency. And in all this there is no more stigma of charity than in using the Postal Savings Bank in this country.

A writer in the December issue of The American Labor Legislation Review conveys the impression that a network of employment exchanges in Germany is being *created* by the new law. This obscures the basic lesson for America in all European experience in unemployment relief. During the summer of 1921, when I studied employment exchanges in a dozen German cities from Munich to Hamburg and from Cologne to Leipzig, the men in charge were everywhere optimistic that "in a few more years" the federal system would reach a degree of efficiency where unemployment insurance could be instituted without sacrificing placement work. Many who said this six years before the passage of the insurance law had then had from fifteen to twenty-five years of practical experience in the work of the exchanges.

IT is, then, with due appreciation of this long and arduous spade-work, that we look at the new German unemployment insurance law, realizing that any attempt to parallel it in this country at this time would be fantastic. Operated by the federal government, with local committees of employers and trade unionists playing an important part, the scheme has the support of all parties except Communists and some of the ultra-Nationalists, Left and Right extremists who are often in amusing agreement on social legislation. The measure passed the Reichstag on July 7, with a vote of 356 to 63, and is now being put in full operation.

Under this law, insurance against unemployment is made compulsory for nearly all manual workers, as also for non-manual workers whose annual income does not exceed 6,000 Reichsmarks. Any one out of work must register at the district exchange to be eligible for benefit. The acid test of an applicant's good faith is his willingness to accept whatever suitable position at standard wages this clearing house

Out of Work

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has on record. The new law also compels employers to list vacancies, which of course means only notification and not that the employer would be compelled to give work to applicants referred by the exchanges.

The contribution to the unemployment fund is to be not more than 3 per cent of the basic wage of the insured person. The premium will be maintained at that rather high figure at least until a federal reserve fund has been created sufficient to pay benefits to 600,000 unemployed for a period of six months. This is an actuarial estimate of the greatest probable strain on the system. The worker pays only 1.5 per cent of his wage, which is deducted from his pay envelope. An equal amount is contributed by the employer for every insured person on his payroll. Unlike the English plan, the German government makes no contribution to the fund, though it pays the operating expenses. In England, moreover, the premium is a flat weekly sum, which bears more heavily on the poorly paid worker than the percentage basis of contribution.

Benefits are also uniform under the English system, varying only between men and women and between adults and juveniles. In Germany the benefit, like the contribution, is a fixed proportion of the normal wage. The proportion, however, varies so that the lowest paid workers receive the highest percentage of their usual income when they become eligible for unemployment benefit. This aim is made administratively practical by classifying all insured persons in eleven wage groups. Class I, the lowest, covers those whose weekly earnings are 10 marks or less, while the intervening groups grade up to Class XI, those whose weekly wage is over 60 marks. In each of these classes an arbitrary base wage is established for purposes of benefit calculation, ranging from 8 marks in Class I to 63 marks in Class XI. The benefit carries from 75 per cent of the base wage for those in Class I to 35 per cent of the base wage in Classes VIII to XI. Allowance for dependents may increase these benefits to 80 per cent of the base wage in Classes I and II and to 60 per cent of the base for classes VIII to XI.

The insured person becomes eligible for benefit one week after stopping work, provided he has paid 26 contributions to the fund during the preceding twelve months. He may then draw benefit consecutively for a period of 26 weeks in the year. This maximum may be extended to 39 weeks in special circumstances.

Payments are made at the employment exchanges after it is proved that no vacancy suitable for the applicant is listed. The applicant is entitled to reject offers of work paying less than the standard trade union rate in his calling; unsuitable to his training or physical condition; designed to fill vacancies caused by strike or lockout; in which provision for dependents is impossible. But benefit may be withheld in case of refusal to take suitable permanent employment elsewhere in Germany or in case of refusal to attend free courses designed to train him for another occupation in which the labor demand is more active. Those unemployed as a result of a strike voted by their union are not eligible for benefit during that unemployment. Appeals from decisions may be taken to judicial committees, with equal employer and union representation, attached to the local employment exchanges. The act establishes a Court of Referees as the final appeal body. This is located at the reorganized Federal Employment Department, now the most important branch of the Ministry of Labor in Berlin.

Students of unemployment insurance will recognize the fidelity with which the provisions here summarized follow the British model. And, what is more to the point, students of unemployment relief in general will recognize how inseparably state-operated unemployment insurance in both countries depends on the prior development of nation-wide public employment exchanges. In both Great Britain and Germany these basis agencies have been successful because they have been free from politics. They have been free from politics not merely because they were organized under civil service regulations, but perhaps even more because of the watchful cooperation of progressive labor and employer organizations in a development designed to serve both.

While the organized relief of unemployment is with us in a most rudimentary state of development Americans, if sensible, will profit by the experience of others in developing our policy on the subject. Few people today will argue that we can indefinitely continue to regard unemployment in the way the Arkansas farmer viewed the hole in his roof: "When it's fair the hole don't matter and when it rains it's too late to do anything."

THE outstanding lesson with which both British and German experience confront us in that it is idle to consider the establishment of state-operated unemployment insurance in this country at the present time. Whether that system would be applicable to American conditions is an interesting argument which need not be examined here. The issue is academic as long as we have no agencies through which the validity of unemployment in the case of every insured person may be effectively tested.

Even to those who deem the development desirable, state-operated unemployment insurance in the United States can be, for years to come, only a distant goal. But for the building of a system of public employment exchanges—a preliminary to almost every form of effectual unemployment relief—the foundations are already constructed. The work of the United States Employment Service during the War and demobilization showed that effective labor-placing agencies can be built and coordinated here. The development and correlation of the municipal employment exchanges already organized in many American cities can begin as soon as it is realized that this is the most logical approach to the treatment of our own unemployment problem, unsolved by all our efforts to diminish violent oscillations in the trade cycle.

Community action is the first requisite, for while the problem is national in scope the federal government should not be expected to take the lead so long as nearly every industrial community remains as apathetic to the intelligent relief of unemployment as seems the case at present.

Hungry Children

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Fate Lifts the Lid in Pittsburgh

By WILLIAM PENN

PITTSBURGH knew nothing about it—by habit. Bank clearings satisfactory, steel orders going up, clubs and drawing-rooms cosy. Everything was lovely in Pittsburgh.

Had there been a coal strike in Pittsburgh? *Had been* was right. Started two years ago. All over, forgotten now. Thousands of men idle? Barracks still along the coal-mining roads outside of Pittsburgh—crowded, ramshackle shelters? Coal and Iron police keeping women's hands off the new pine boarding nailed over the windows of the homes from which they had been evicted? Babies growing rickety on unbuttered potatoes? Just propaganda of miners' union officials. Sensational lies, pumping hot air into a lost cause. Coal mines were running—with the help of imported Negro labor, to be sure, but running. If these fool miners would hang around, after they knew their strike was all over, whose fault was it?

Pittsburgh had forgotten her press. The newspapers she had had were always right with Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh was always right with them. Had had? Pittsburgh scarcely noticed when her faithful old papers were knocked down on the block. Sold? To whom? Why, to the master of yellow journals, big and little, William Randolph Hearst. A bad winter for tabloids. No Hall-Mills murders. Snyder case closed. Faked Mexican documents a fizzle.

But—a dying coal strike. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of women and children starving along the roads running into the city, while Pittsburgh, the real Pittsburgh, knowing nothing about it by habit, slept under rose pink eiderdown puffs. Here's a chance!

W. R. Hearst sends Fannie Hurst, author of Lummox and Mannequin, Liberty's prize-winning novel, to Pittsburgh. After forty hours in this "symbol-city of America"—this "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," who "wears black pearls to match her certain matchless kind of dusk"—Fannie Hurst finds that "my fine lady of Pittsburgh, with smoke plumes in her hair, has had her garments jerked aside and beneath her finery, she is covered with sores!"

What papers W. R. Hearst had not gathered in, his keenest rival, the Scripps-Howard United Press, had developed. Fannie Hurst was prying the lid open. Pittsburgh was rubbing its eyes. Pittsburgh was buying copies of Hearst's Sun-Telegraph as it had never bought newspapers before. To match Fannie Hurst, the Scripps-Howard Press brought in Basil Manly, "nationally known economist," joint chairman with William Howard Taft of the War Labor Board. Manly finds Bolshevism stalking the streets of Pittsburgh. Though he uses the economist's vocabulary to state it, Manly agrees with Fannie Hurst in substance when she trumpets that "I have never beheld the equal of the scenes of human squalor, degradation, poverty and misery that exist here on the outskirts of Pittsburgh—this Hades of pain and oppression. Regardless of who is right and who is wrong in the issues at stake—this uncivilized spectacle of families living like dogs among slops in kennels opposite the very thresholds of their vacant homes, is wrong!"

For some time before the rival newspapers made their raid, a group of ministers of all faiths, had been meeting here and there for social fellowship. They hadn't foregathered to consider any particular problem—just to get acquainted. Having touched elbows, they warmed to one another. A Catholic priest wrote a letter to a protestant minister complimenting him on his new church. The minister read the priest's letter from his pulpit. Triumph of the religious spirit.

Then the coal strike. "What about this?" the ministers asked one another. "Families evicted? Children hungry? Why not get the facts about this?" They argued about it for two hours—the two hours usually given over to comfortable, pipe-and-firelight fellowship. Three bishops, Catholic and Protestant, and the leading Jewish rabbi, together with a score of prominent Protestant ministers, signed a statement appealing for funds for the relief of the destitute families of the miners. The statement was carried, with headlines, in the press. Never before in the history of Pittsburgh had churchmen of all faiths acted unanimously in an industrial situation.

The Hungry Club, that famous free forum of Pittsburgh, took up the challenge. It invited Colston E. Warne of the University of Pittsburgh to discuss the human aspects of the coal strike. Professor Warne, in a sober, fact-faithful fashion, helped Fate lift the lid. Two weeks later, Templeton Smith, one of the younger coal operators, told the operator's story. Among other things, he said that, speaking as an operator, he invited a senatorial investigation.

Hearst's paper, the Sun-Telegraph, published Templeton Smith's speech in full. "What Mr. Smith glossed over," it pointed out editorially, "was the fact that the most important coal company of them all actually broke its wage engagement with the union."

THE strike was dead; now there is a clamor for a senatorial investigation. Investigations have happened before. What has never happened before is Pittsburgh's injured, shocked amazement that Fate, making use of newspaper rivalry, religious fellowship and a luncheon club, should "lift her lid."

The business leaders of the real Pittsburgh organized for the relief of destitution in the mining camps. The executive committees of the business men and the clergymen have met jointly and decided to unite in the administration of relief. The organization already set up by the social agencies in cooperation with the churchmen is being expanded to carry on the larger undertaking; again a new precedent in the life of this industrial city.

But can the lid be clamped down again with the old-fashioned charity—milk for wailing babies, fuel for bare hearths, shoes for cold little feet? Can Pittsburgh just patch up her torn garments and go her old, proud way? Perhaps she can—but perhaps Pittsburgh herself will take a hand in her own healing—in the cure of the industrial sickness that has broken out in oppression, hatred, bitterness, misunderstanding, waste, suffering, despair. Who can say what will happen next, when Fate takes a hand?

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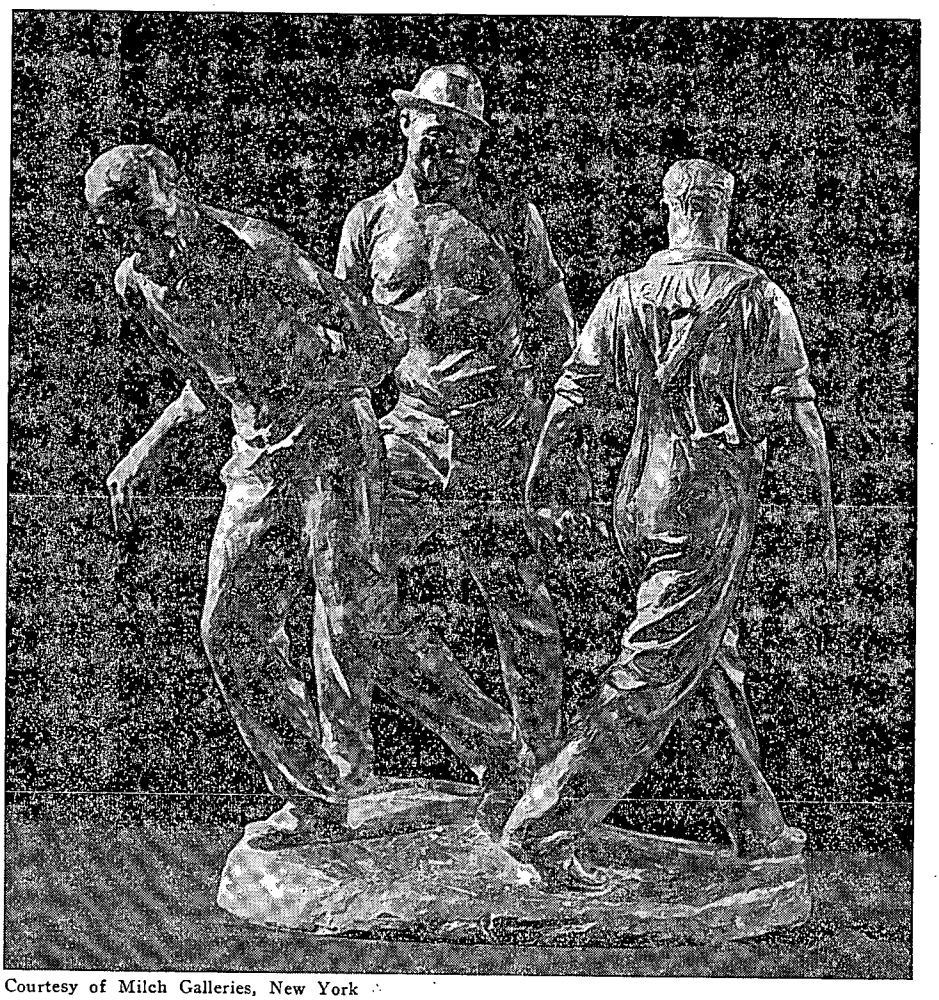

Courtesy of Milch Galleries, New York

In this group, Labor's End, I tried to portray a life of labor complete in itself, and used the beauty of youth, middle age and old age

Why I Take the Worker for a Model

By MAX KALISH

WERE I a sculptor of the Greek period, I should go to the games and watch the athletes, or to the baths, and create the beauty to be found there. Had I lived during the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, I should have created the beautiful and spiritual of that period. But inasmuch as I live at the present time, I desire to create those subjects with which I am most familiar, mainly those people who live and work about me, those whom I can observe in the flesh; I seek to perpetuate the beauty and grace of action of the people of today, particularly the workmen of America. It is my honest opinion that only by interpreting our own time, the Industrial Age, can we ever hope to produce a real epoch in art.

Most of my life has been spent in the great industrial center of Cleveland. I was brought up among laborers, working with them in shops and factories in my early 'teens. They appear to me in their natural environment fine, sturdy men, ever alert, independent, forceful, and proud of their work, quite in contrast to so many types seen in Europe where the laborer's position is negligible. In action an American worker is naturally graceful and makes a subject that even the Greeks might have envied.

My attitude towards the American workman is not that of benevolence. I feel that he is quite capable of taking care of himself, union or non-union, and the white-collar man as well. He is the maker of this great industrial age and to him should go part of the glory and the credit.

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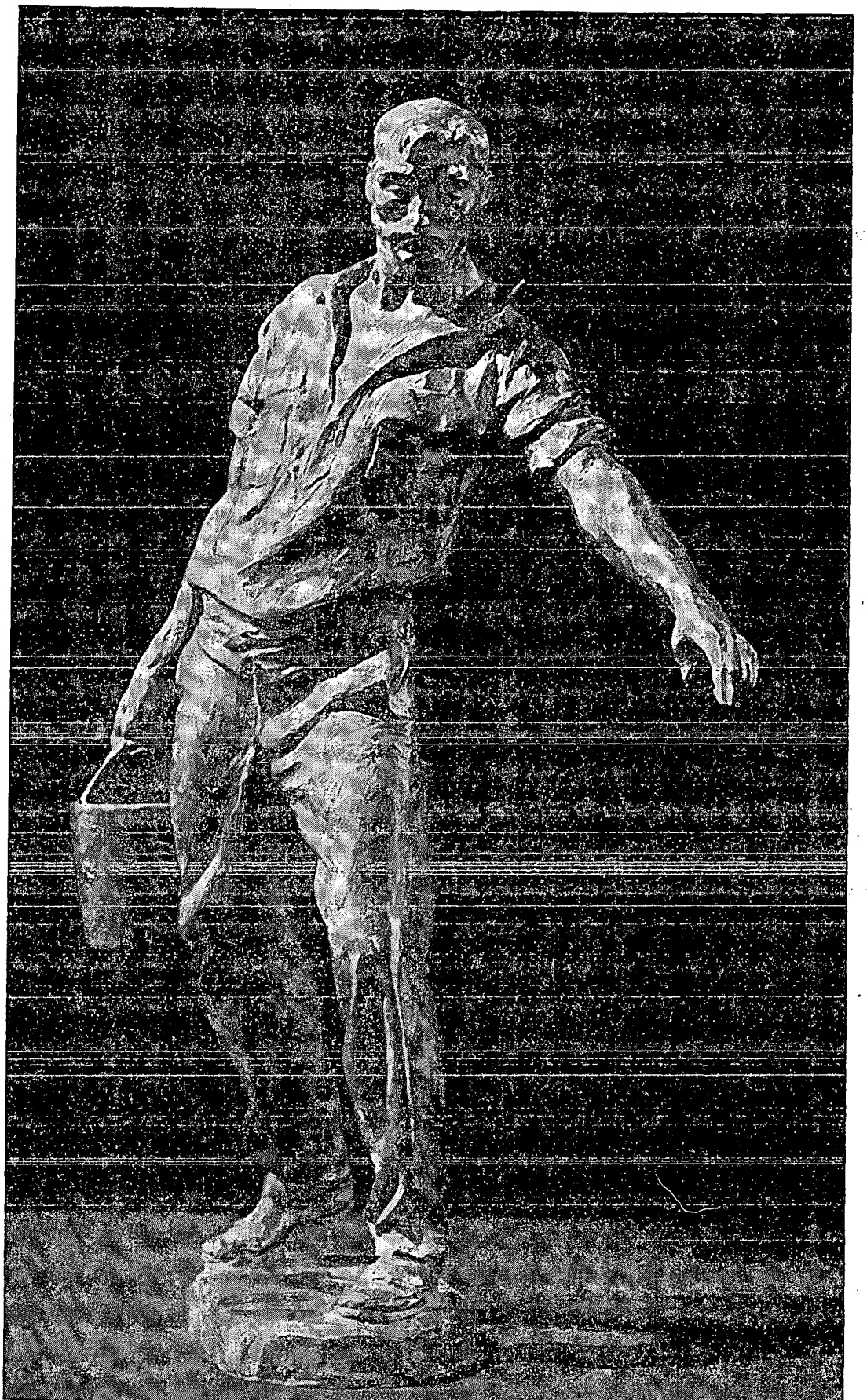

Courtesy of Milch Galleries, New York

BRONZE BY MAX KALISH—LABORER

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Courtesy of Milch Galleries, New York

FATIGUE—BRONZE BY MAX KALISH

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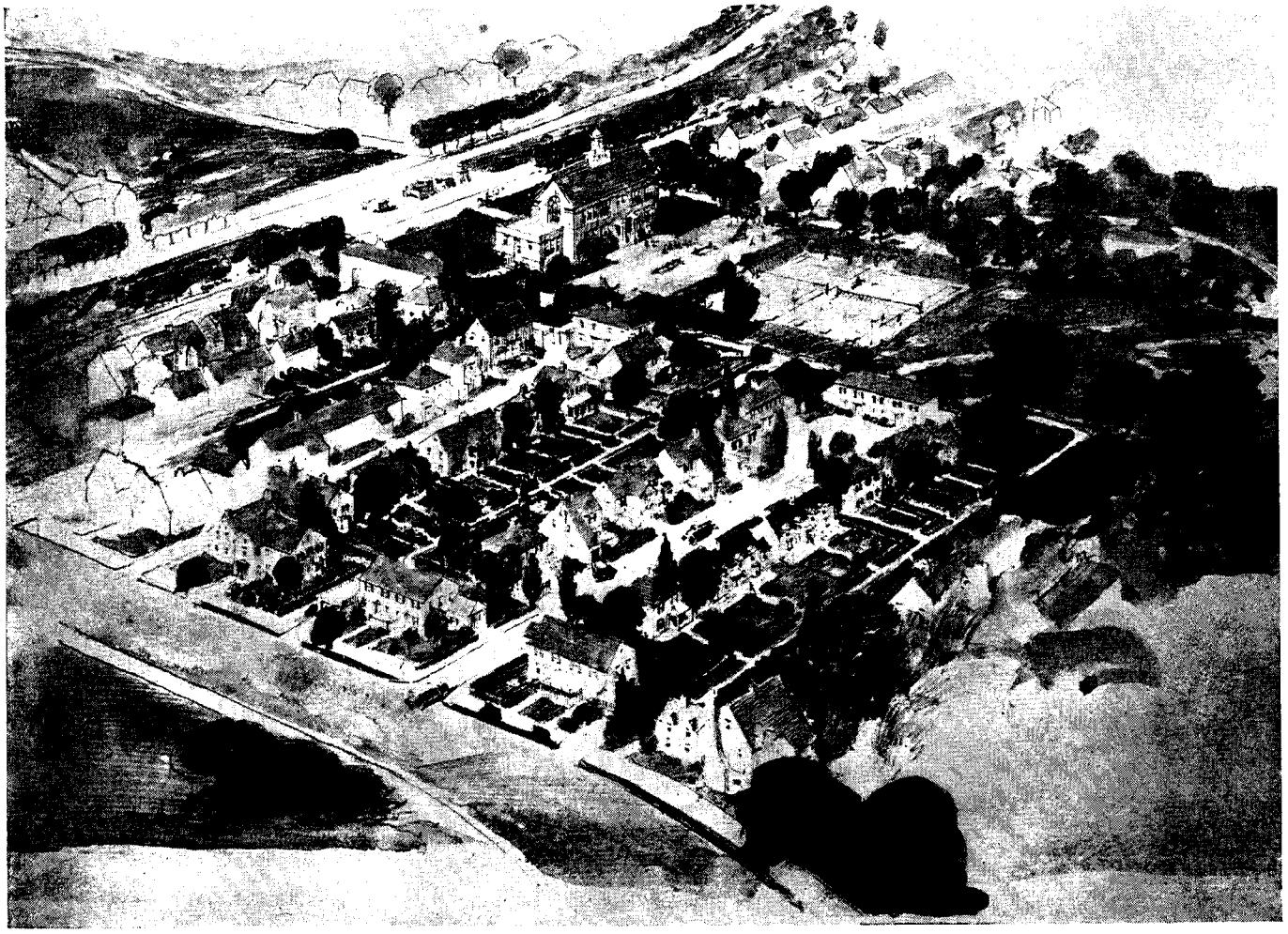

Photo by Brown Brothers

This is what a corner of one of Radburn's superblocks may look like

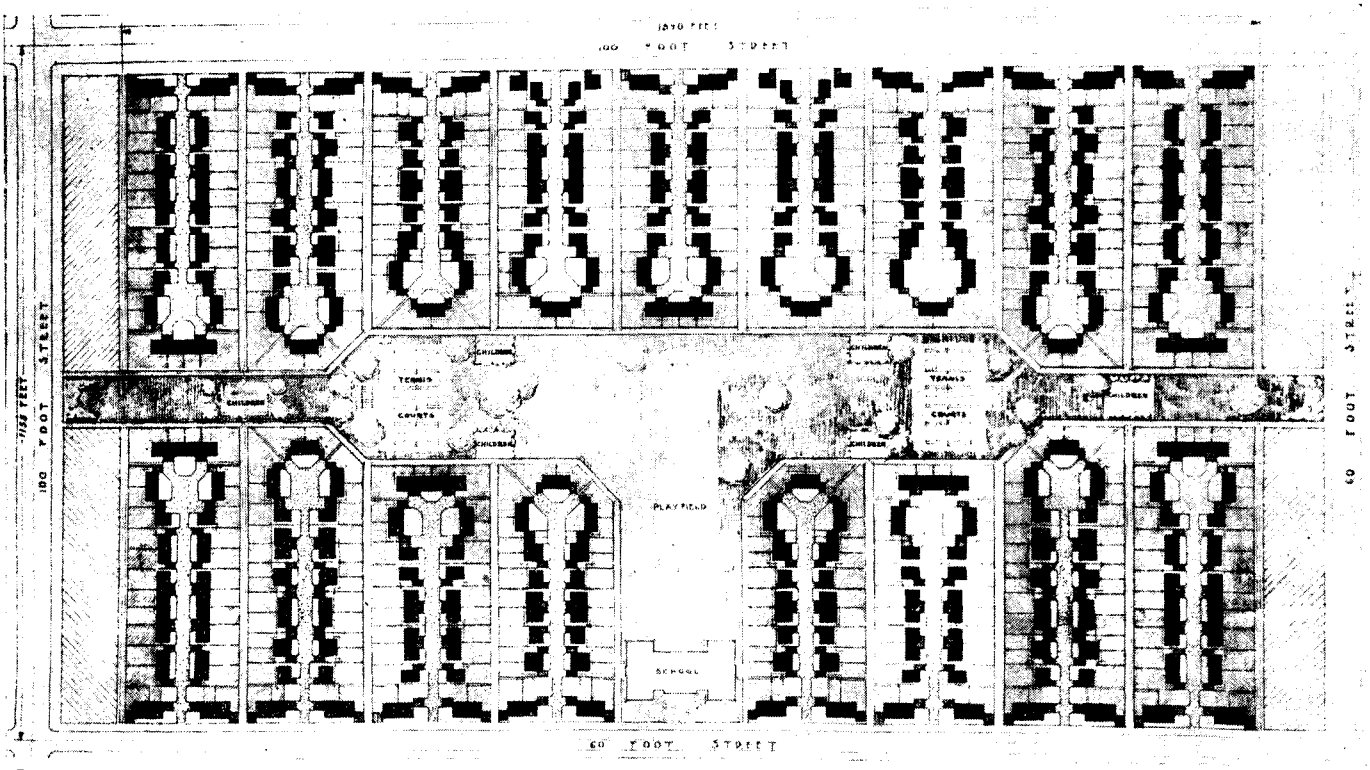

Photo by Brown Brothers

A preliminary and diagrammatic sketch of a Radburn superblock. Note especially the interior park, with playgrounds and school within it, the cul-de-sacs fringed with houses, and the foot-paths alternating with the cul-de-sacs which extend inner-block communication to every house

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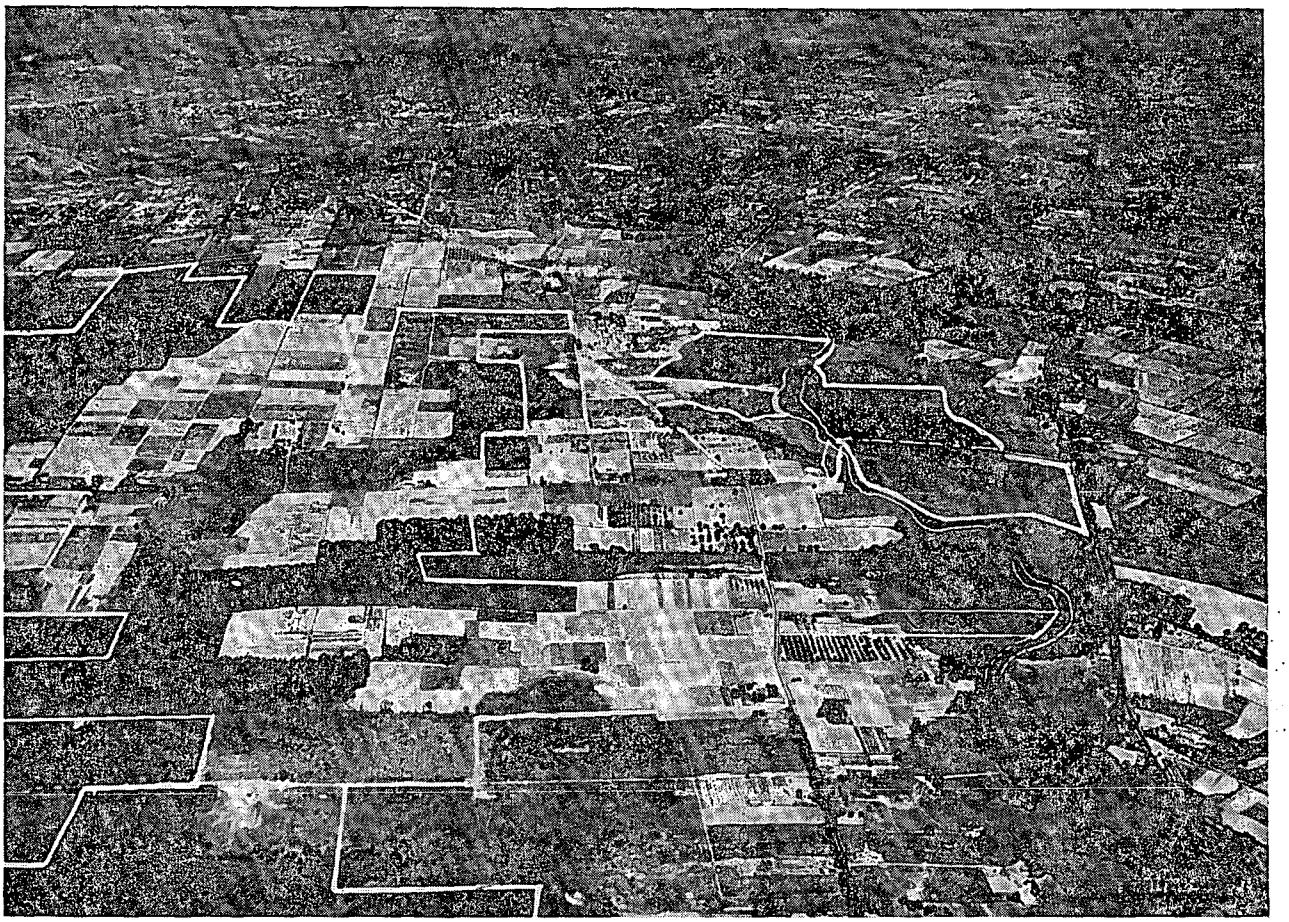

The site of Radburn photographed from the air. Room here for a landing field as well as many homes and shops for twentieth-century Americans. The land purchased by the City Housing Corporation is outlined in white

A Town for the Motor Age

By GEDDES SMITH

A TOWN built to *live* in—today and tomorrow. A town "for the motor age." A town turned outside-in—without any back-doors. A town where roads and parks fit together like the fingers of your right and left hands. A town in which children need never dodge motor-trucks on their way to school. A *new* town—newer than the garden cities, and the first major innovation in town-planning since they were built.

Such is Radburn, New Jersey—non-existent at the moment, but destined to grow forthwith under the guiding hand of the City Housing Corporation of New York, which has already demonstrated at Sunnyside how its plans come true.

Twelve or thirteen miles from the Hudson River bridge by motor, seventeen and a half from New York by the main line of the Erie Railroad, some four miles east of the center of Paterson, fringing the hitherto unfamed Saddle River, is the town-site of a thousand acres. This was assembled piece by piece out of farm-land and some few village holdings; some of it is so fertile that the owner would not sell till his spinach crop was all in. The name Radburn is synthetic, made for the purpose out of Anglo-Saxon roots that are said to signify saddle river. The plan too is synthetic, put together out of elements long brooded over by Henry Wright and Clarence S. Stein, the planners. Both name and plan grow out of reality.

With the completion of its successful demonstration of urban housing at Sunnyside (see The Survey, December 15, 1925) the City Housing Corporation turned to seek a larger site within the suburban area surrounding New York on which a more interesting and even more livable community could be constructed. It has combed all the available properties, and, finding Long Island and Westchester County already too crowded and too expensive for a low-cost and desirable project, has turned to Jersey. This is, in a way, the most fortunate choice that could have been made in terms of propaganda value, for northern New Jersey is already "booming" because of new arteries of communication with Manhattan, and an object lesson there will command wide attention. Moreover the part of the metropolitan district that lies west of the Hudson has already some two million people, and it is rapidly developing an acute need for better planning on its own account.

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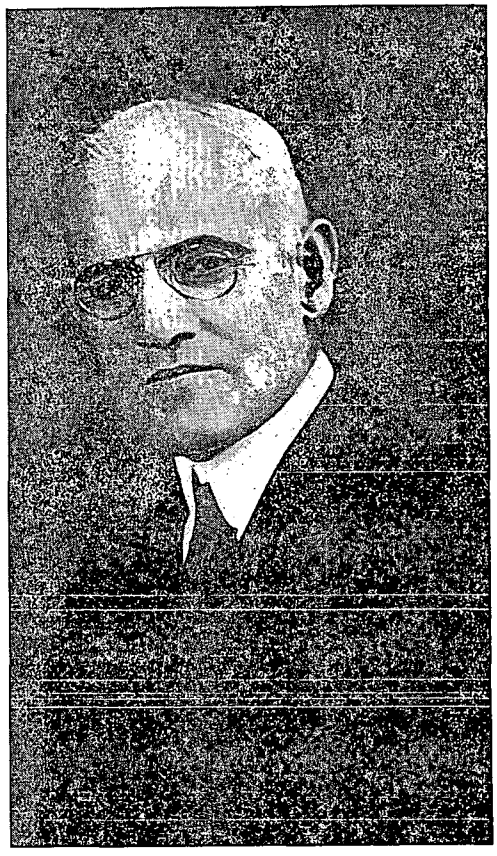
The typical "cheap" subdivision in American real-estate practice presents a parade of the wooden soldiers, with little houses marching stiff and tall up and down straight or earnestly sinuous streets, squad by squad, in close order. To get a quick picture of Radburn, by contrast, imagine the regiment of wooden houses drawn up in hollow square instead of by columns. Order your soldiers to right-about-face, so that they turn their backs on the world and look at each other across the greensward, then let them stand at ease, and you have a tableau of your new town.

Or take a New York city block—200 by 600 feet—and pump ambition to lead a better life into it until it expands to ten or fifteen times its present area—say till it measures over a thousand feet on one side and nearly two thousand on the other. Run a broad strip of park through its long axis—a strip as wide as the distance from Forty-first to Forty-second Street—and let narrow tongues of green shoot out from either side of it like legs from a centipede. From the long side streets let short cul-de-sacs push in toward the park, so that an inthrust of street alternates with an outthrust of park. (The diagrammatic plan makes this clearer.) The result is the distinctive unit of the new town—a broad rectangle, modified as necessary by topography, with automobile ways running around it and penetrating its outer fringe, and with some 600 families living, playing, and studying *inside* it—where no automobile can enter. Here is the beginning of effective separation of foot and wheel traffic—a more thorough-going and radical proposal than any hitherto offered by town-planners.



Alexander M. Bing, president of the limited-dividend City Housing Corporation

TO appreciate how far this separation will go it is necessary to examine more closely the structure and use of these superblocks, a handful of which—put together with due regard for the lay of the land and for their relation to the town center, the industrial area, and the railroad—will make up the whole of the town. Arterial traffic—that which does not originate or end in the town—will be routed around its edge. Local traffic will use the streets that surround each unit—streets varying in width from 60 to 120 feet—and the cul-de-sacs, which will be narrow paved streets without sidewalks, and which will carry water, sewers, and other public utilities. The automobile entrance to the house will be on the cul-de-sac. The kitchen also will face on the cul-de-sac, so that the street front of the house will be a better-bred equivalent of the old "rear." It is perfectly possible by competent planning to make this service and automobile entrance to the house dignified and attractive.

Living rooms in the house face as far as possible away from the street—for why turn one's nose toward the gasoline supply any oftener than necessary? The houses at the end of the cul-de-sac will look directly across the wide park-belt. Those along its sides will overlook a double strip of private gardens—from which all sheds, garages and similar encumbrances are barred—and the public footpath which bisects it. These foot-paths, linked up with the park, give a complete system of inner-block communication for the six hundred families, and if the final town-plan makes it possible to link the park-belts together it will be possible for all the 25,000 people to go from their own garden-front door to any part of the town with a minimum of street-crossings. And if they wish to drive to the shopping center or railroad, parking is accepted as a problem of the motor age and planned for in advance, with parking space measured in acres and segregated from street traffic.

But the footpaths by no means tell the whole story of these open spaces at the heart of each superblock. It is estimated that two units—1,200 families—will have children enough for an elementary school of efficient size. By putting the school building in the park at a point near a street-crossing into another park, the planners make it possible for half the children to walk to school without even setting foot on a traffic street, and the other half to reach the building with only one crossing where protection can be concentrated. The school playground, tennis-courts for the whole family, and small playgrounds for the small children are all placed in the interior park—which, it must be remembered, is as large as two or three Manhattan blocks. A very considerable part of the family's daily life can therefore be lived inside the superblock. The man of the house on his way to and from work, the family on a holiday excursion, the butcher, the baker, the coal-man and the ice-man will use the street, the cul-de-sac, and the service entrance. The family on its way to play, the wife dropping in on her neighbors, and most important of all the children on the way to sandpile and school, will use the garden-ways. The essential quality of the superblock is that of a livable, largely self-contained area accessible to traffic but not dominated by it as is the ordinary street.

This distinctive unit of planning, moreover, has marked economic advantages. In New York City 32 to 35 per cent of the total land area is set aside for streets. In Clarence A. Perry's study of the Neighborhood Unit (see The Survey, December 15, 1927), which is an earlier step in the same direction as the Radburn plan, streets are allotted 27.4 per cent of ground area. Radburn will give up only 12 per cent to through streets and another 9 per cent to cul-de-sacs, making a total of 21 per cent. The amount saved in paving, lighting and piping these streets will go a long way toward paying for the park land in Radburn, which will amount to 15 per cent of the total and will be so disposed that in effect everybody lives alongside a park. It is a good bargain for the householder to sell him park frontage which he can enjoy every day in place of street improvements which he will never need.

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Never is a long time. The heart and soul of successful town planning is permanence. While conventional city plans take care to establish set-back lines with an eye to future street widening, Radburn seeks to set up so perfect a balance between highways and the occupancy of land that streets (except possibly the arterial highways) will never need to be changed. It may or may not be possible to accomplish this: zoning and deed restrictions will be used to the limit, and the nature of the plan itself is such that there will be small incentive to meddle with residence areas for the sake of stepping up values by business development or excessive apartment building—the ever-present curse of growing suburbs. The greatest threat to the permanence of housing standards in Radburn comes from its limited area and the pressure of surrounding developments. The townsite now held by the City Housing Corporation is less than half the area of Welwyn Garden City and only about a quarter of that of Letchworth. To the west and north, outlying fringes of Paterson and Ridgewood come close to its boundaries. There is no opportunity for a protective belt of open land, and no assurance that the immediate environs of the town will not be exploited in detrimental ways or that other builders will not reap speculative by-products of Radburn.

BUT that is for the long future to show. What sort of house will Radburn offer and what will it cost? The City Housing Corporation has experimented freely with building methods and has studied the results with painstaking care. Sunnyside was at best a *tour de force,* for the wasteful layout imposed by the city map and the rigid building code fixed the limits within which the planners could operate. Radburn is by contrast virgin territory, so that the full benefit of imaginative site-planning can be realized. At Sunnyside the best the corporation could do was to sell a six-room brick row house, soundly constructed and comfortably equipped, for $8,500. Comparison of house with house is difficult because of a multiplicity of factors. But it appears that in Radburn a six-room house, free-standing or joined in small groups, somewhat larger, room for room, than the Sunnyside house, with a garage added, and close to more generous park space, can be built to sell for from $7,000 to $7,500 on the same easy terms as those in force at Sunnyside. Incidentally the tentative plans for the town include an even smaller unit that is still adequate for small family use—a four-room house (built in pairs) with a kitchen-dining-room on the street side and a living room facing the garden, two bedrooms and bath upstairs and a basement workshop thrown in for good measure.

Who will live in the garden-houses of Radburn? Clearly a house selling at $7,000 or a little less is beyond the reach of the lower-paid silk-workers of nearby Paterson. No miracle is promised here, and the wage-earner at the bottom of the economic scale is still unprovided for. At such wage-levels industry must lift its workers before the town planner can do much for them. There is, however, no reason why a family with a total income of say $2,500 should not be able to make the ten per cent down payment on a Radburn house and carry the upkeep and amortization. The City Housing Corporation will hold title to store properties and take the increment of value in rents.

The Realities That Radburn Faces

People are congregated uncomfortably in and about a metropolitan nucleus where land is so dear that decent modern housing cannot be built on an economic basis for the lowest ranks of wage-earners, and only by shrewd economies for the next higher income group.

People tend constantly to move out of the most crowded into the less crowded areas: New York is losing population at the core and gaining at the periphery.

Even in suburban areas building is mostly speculative and uncontrolled by comprehensive planning, so that land is hastily exploited and is subject to menacing changes in use.

In spite of such hazards, Americans prefer to own land rather than lease it as in England.

With rare exceptions every family outside the crowded city and above the poverty line has an automobile or plans to have one.

The worker with an automobile has no special interest in being close enough to his work to walk to it, and probably prefers to live at some distance from it.

The automobile has a dual aspect: it is a convenience when you ride and a nuisance and hazard when you walk.

WHO will come to Radburn to live? Its proximity to Paterson makes it very likely that there will be an early migration of better-paid wage-workers—foremen, clerical workers, skilled artisans—from that city. It is also well within the commuting zone from New York, and it may have a small share in draining off some part of the population which is always leaving Manhattan for more human surroundings. It may house workers who earn their wages in the nearer manufacturing cities of the New York region—Newark and Jersey City, for example—particularly in view of the fact that road-building throughout this district has been greatly stimulated by the new tunnel and projected bridge, so that communications are rapidly improving. It is just as easy to travel away from the city as toward it on a good road. It may house workers who work in the town itself—and here enters a very interesting question.

The trend of regional planning theory ever since the garden cities were first projected in England a quarter of a century ago has been toward the establishment of small self-contained communities, including factories—usually those using electric rather than steam power and employing skilled or semi-skilled workers. In full sympathy with this theory the City Housing Corporation announces that it hopes to attract to Radburn plants of this sort—printing plants or small machine shops, for instance, perhaps aeroplane factories! An excellent location is available for such works—level acreage with generous sidings. But it is to be remembered that the English garden city was predicated on two factors which were all-important in England twenty-five years ago and are of much less importance, relatively, in America today. Rail transportation was required by all industries; and the British workman wanted to walk home at noon for a hot lunch. Motor trucks and good roads have multiplied; and the American workman wants to drive to his work; his wife, to be frank, would usually rather not have him underfoot at noontime. This puts a new face on the self-contained town. So even if industries come to Radburn their workers may live elsewhere, and the workers who live in Radburn may travel afield to their work.

Even so the new town can make a valuable contribution to the housing of wage-workers. The concentrated metropolis and the balanced garden city—the one overgrown and getting worse, the other limited and planned for

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permanence, are alike in that the majority of their workers live and work in the same community. In the great city the link between home and workshop is the anachronistic "L" or the atrocious subway. In the garden city the link is presumably a few blocks of shady street. But the automobile is another possible link. In the smaller big cities, Cleveland, Detroit, and others, the saturation point in the use of the automobile by wage-workers is near at hand. In a skillfully planned countryside this link will remain for years to come not only entirely practicable but actually the preferred means of daily transportation.

It is possible then to visualize three general types of development in the New York region—so much of it, that is, as has not already been stamped with big-city or big-suburb characteristics. The first would be a continued concentration of manufacturing, trade and business of all kinds in great units, with workers increasingly forced to live at a distance in residence suburbs, and transportation converging narrowly, like spokes of a wheel, on these working centers. The second would be the wide distribution of garden cities, each of them a self-contained unit of work and workers, communicating with each other merely for the exchange of goods and materials, and focussing on the great city chiefly for shopping, amusement, higher education, and credit facilities. This alternative, while it may come to pass in other parts of the country, is all but Utopian in the New York region where property is already so largely anchored to existing uses. A possible third plan, which lies closer to the probabilities as they appear today, is to consider the whole region as an ordered complex of manufacturing, business, transportation and residence, with reservations for recreation and the production of a limited amount of choice perishable foodstuffs. Knots of factories and knots of residences would be scattered more or less evenly over the total area, interspersed with parks and open spaces, and linked together with a shrewdly planned cobweb of roads in such a way that travel and transportation would be criss-cross rather than convergent. Into such a scheme Radburn—or many Radburns—would fit admirably, whether it ever has any factories or not.

In vigor of conception, and in singleness of purpose—social values being placed before profit—the City Housing Corporation's new project takes its place beside the English garden cities. There are, however, important differences between them. C. B. Purdom, finance director of Welwyn Garden City, defined the English scheme in The Survey for May 1, 1925, as follows:

> A garden city is a town planned for industry and healthy living, of a size that makes possible a full measure of social life, but no larger, surrounded by a permanent rural belt, the whole of the land being in public ownership, or held in trust for the community.

Radburn is also a town planned for industry and healthy living. Its projected population of 25,000, made up of wage-earners from nearby industries and city commuters, may be expected to develop "a full measure of social life," and the plan is such that overcrowding will be at least extremely unlikely. It is, however, only a step in the development of American town-planning—a long step by comparison with Sunnyside, but too limited in area, too close to an over-peopled manufacturing city, too defenseless against misuse of the surrounding property, to develop the full stature of a model community. It has no rural belt. American practice favors private ownership over corporate or municipal land-holding. As against these negative differences between Radburn and the garden cities, it is clear, however, that there are also positive differences—a fresh treatment of layout, a new boldness in grasping the significance of larger units of planning, a franker realization of the place of the automobile in modern life.

Photo by Brown Brothers

Old houses like this prove that the site of Radburn has been associated with gracious living for a couple of centuries

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Underwood & Underwood, New York

"Who reads The Saturday Evening Post? Everybody—high-brow, low-brow and mezzanine"

SatEvePost

Mirror of These States

By LEON WHIPPLE

FOR five cents you can buy a mirror of These States. Each week about 2,840,000 people in every hamlet from Aroostook County to Santa Cruz look at themselves in this glass. That is the circulation of The Saturday Evening Post. By the year, allowing three readers per copy, we approach half a billion impacts on the minds and hearts of the American people. What does this Niagara of print do to us? What channels is it wearing in our society?

This is a magic mirror: it not only reflects, it creates us. What the SatEvePost is we are. Its advertising helps standardize our physical life; its text stencils patterns on our minds. It is a main factor in raising the luxury-level by teaching us new wants. In The Post we first came across that arrogant slogan of a machine age: "This Is a Two-Car Nation!" But it does more than whet our thing-hunger; by blunt or subtle devices it molds our ideas on crime, prohibition, Russia, oil, preparedness, immigration, the World Court. Finally, it does queer things to our psychology by printing tales that deceive us with a surface realism, but are too often tissues of illusion. This bulky nickel's worth of print and pictures is a kind of social and emotional common denominator of American life.

Who reads The Post? Who looks in the mirror? Everybody—high-brow, low-brow, and mezzanine; the hard-boiled business man and the soft-boiled leisure woman; the intelligenzia, often as a secret vice; Charles M. Schwab has subscribed for twelve years, Elbert Gary had for eighteen. The White House must take in a copy or two if it has a sense of gratitude. You read it—and I. I read two periodicals with constancy: The Post to find out about this country; The National Geographic Magazine to escape from this country. Foreigners too look over our shoulders in our mirror as at a clinic. Trotsky had The Post on his table; Albert, king of the Belgians, returned from a journey, and like a modern King Cole, he called for his file of the SEP. In 1926 it was figured that if from our population of 105,710,620 you subtracted the children under fourteen, illiterates, foreign language readers, the criminals, insane and paupers, the residual possible market for publications in English was 60,782,577. Divide that by 2.94 adults over 14 per family, and you have 20,674,346 families. More than one in ten of these took The Post.

IT deserves the title of national weekly. And since we are in part made in this image, it is important to ask questions: What is The Saturday Evening Post? Who owns and directs it? For what purposes and with what sense of social responsibility? What wittingly does The Post do to us, and what unwittingly?

The Post is a quintuple enterprise: (1) a giant money-making business; (2) a miracle of technical publishing; (3) a purveyor of entertainment in fiction and amusing articles by which it gathers perhaps the largest part of its great audience; (4) a supersalesman of things through advertising and so a main cog in our modern machine of mass-distribution; (5) an engine for propaganda in favor

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, Washington

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER
Editor of the Saturday Evening Post

of American nationalism and the present economic system. It is edited with brains, dignity, foresight, and an uncanny apprehension of what will interest middle-or-better-class Americans. Much of its contents is good, human, readable stuff, not profoundly important, but never muck. The Post deserves our devout thanks that it has set its face against the traditions of the penny dreadfuls, the elder Bennett, the tabloids, and sensation-mongering magazines, and demonstrated that in order to get a popular audience, you do not have to dish up battle, murder, sudden death, crime, adultery, et al. It first saw the vision of America as a great company of workers, busy making of this continent a comfortable, healthful, and happy place to live in. It has taught us the drama and the splendor of the day's work, and given us the thrill in giant labors to take the place of the thrill of war. We must admire The Post's achievements; but we cannot overlook they have their corresponding faults, chief of which is that it has lost the human being in the march of progress.

As an institution The Post is imposing. In 1926 (the last year for which the final figures are available) it used 105,493 tons of paper to print an average weekly edition of 2,840,000 copies of 199 pages. All The Posts would have filled 4,600 freight-cars in a train 37 miles long. The Curtis publications employ some 4,500 people at the home office in Philadelphia. The Curtis Company had net earnings for 1924 of $14,714,819; in 1925 they reached $16,040,515; and the first half of 1926 were $8,173,277. At that time its cash, bonds, and other investments were in excess of $25,000,000. These are banking-house figures concerning an offer of shares of the company's stock. Cyrus Curtis' 1924 income-tax return was $583,872, or sixteenth from the top in these United States, and nearly ten thousand dollars above J. P. Morgan's. The Post, therefore, is not controlled by Big Business. It *is* big business. All the big popular magazines are owned by wealth for wealth and it takes wealth to swing them. They are giant economic organizations that run vast bills and are neck-deep in labor problems through their thousands of employes. The owners are inevitably spread out with investments in other businesses. The Post has the business point-of-view—what else could it have? The owners do not have to be kept on the reservation; they ride herd themselves. They favor the status quo, the kind of United States that made them. It is behaviorism, not malefaction, and natural as gravity. Moreover, their readers and their advertisers both at bottom hold the same faith—the circle is complete—and you have a picture of this nation at this moment in eternity.

TWO men created this miraculous institution: Cyrus Curtis, publisher, and George Horace Lorimer, editor. The Post still uses the slogan "Founded by Benjamin Franklin," but the claim seems as tenuous as many another to august ancestry. "The foundation of The Post is the character of Cyrus Curtis," the editor told me, and it was no mere courtesy concession to his chief. It certainly had little else when Curtis bought it in 1897 for $1,000, save some type and the name. The title had not been registered when the previous owner died; so to keep from losing it by a lapse in publication it was kept going with old stuff and clipped filler. Most of the meager list of 2,000 subscribers quit. Curtis started practically from scratch—without even an editor. He went to Europe to see the man he hoped to get, leaving the new-come young Lorimer to get out the paper. He did. And when Curtis saw the result he told him to put his name at the mast-head. It appeared first on September 30, 1899, and there it has stuck! It shows Lorimer's vision that he printed on that date an editorial stating that the purpose of The Post was "to be the best and largest weekly magazine in the world." At the moment it was a thin 16 pages, priced at five cents, or $2.50 a year, with a special colored cover only once a month.

By October 13, 1900, it was selling 250,000 copies, but it took five years and a million and a quarter dollars from the Ladies Home Journal to make this business man's paper go. Once suspension threatened because the paper bill was unpaid, and there was an $800,000 book loss at one time. The weekly had to gain 500,000 circulation before the advertising came in, and then began the career that made it, as Edward Bok says in his story of these days, "an institution

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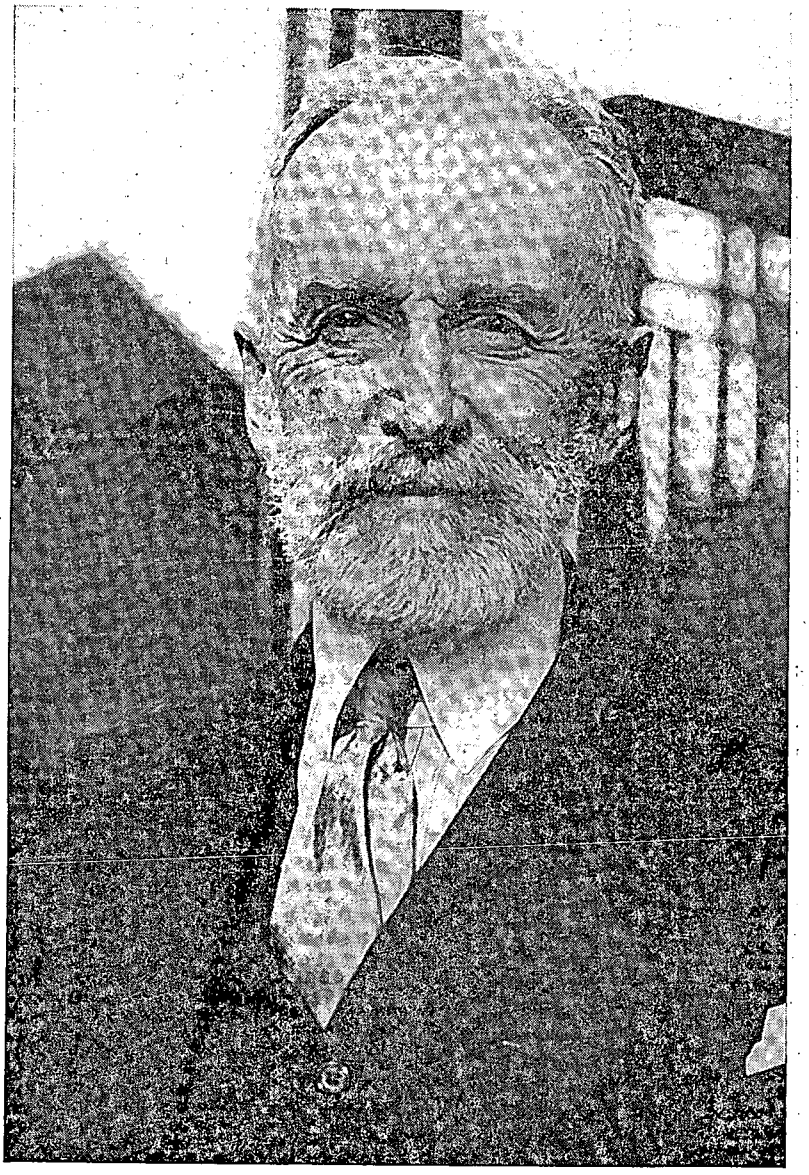
in the life of the United States." It has grown almost every issue since, but it has not changed much. The formula it started with has simply been adapted to changing conditions.

WHAT made it go? The money, business acumen, publishing wisdom, and character of Curtis plus the genius of Lorimer. The root was Curtis. True, he made a lucky choice of an editor, but so he did with Edward Bok for the Home Journal. And that was already a success before Lorimer joined on. Both editors were vice-regents: on the throne sat Curtis, the most powerful force ever exerted on the American people in print. His papers mirrored the nation because in some mystic way he was the average American in the nth degree. This Man from Maine had our Puritan morals in him; the decency of his publications prove that, and he had our hard-headed materialism that enabled him to prevision advertising as an economic force, and to identify and enlist all the possible sources of advertising revenue. He had our devotion to work and our reverence for financial success. His intuition of the taste and ideals of middle-class Americans enabled him to follow the lead they gave unworried by traditions or Brahmin culture or literary notions. He did not imitate the other weeklies of the day, such as Harper's or Leslie's. He was quite willing to provide wholesome amusement in fiction, and in articles about the things ordinary people could be interested in. Finally, he seems to have had no axe to grind or reform to press. American ideals and American virtues were enough, so he pushed ahead, applying them with personal rectitude on a business basis through men he picked with sublime inspiration, and then let alone. He was a force, not easily reduced to formulae, and a perfect mirror of his times. He still is. For if the United States is slowly changing in morals and political ideals, the basic principles of the Curtis creed are so deep struck into the national character that they remain fresh and workable. The Post may neglect new forces, but the forces it understands are very old and very human.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS
Publisher of the Saturday Evening Post

THE genesis was Curtis, but the body and brains are Lorimer, and have been for over twenty-eight years. He is the dictator, as he frankly told me: "I read every word that goes into the weekly. I am responsible for its policy and I assume responsibility for its mistakes." He laid down the rules for its advertising policy, and still is the final censor in disputed cases. The success of The Post is proof enough of his genius. In my opinion, only three other living American editors have done their jobs so well: Adolph Ochs of The New York Times, William Randolph Hearst of many papers, and Ellery Sedgwick of The Atlantic Monthly. Whether or not you like what they do, you must admit they do it supremely well.

At lunch in the sunny restaurant a-top the Curtis Building that looks across Independence Square, Mr. Lorimer charmed me, and kept me scared to death. He is not tall, but strong-built, thick-chested, square-faced, as the drivers generally are. He seems designed for hard work and high tensions without friction or torsions. His eyes give you a jolt of power and his voice has the resonant burr of success and high energy. He looks healthy and happy, and I am sure has no neuroses, inherited or acquired. He is arrogant (as who wouldn't be after making The Saturday Evening Post?) but passionately sincere. I kept thinking of a big dog or a big dynamo. You know that kind of shaggy friendly dog that lollops up in play and knocks you for a goal? Or the purring sleek dynamo that is so gem-like and serene you pat its flank, and get knocked for two goals? During the jolly lunch that included two famous Post contributors and the only lady editor on the staff (she being present, I took it, as a kind of stop-light for Mr. Lorimer) there arose some chaff about the high cost of literary matter these days. It was charming to see the nice dog lollop with the children, and all of a sudden he knocked them for a goal:

The cost of our authors doesn't worry me. That amounts to only a fraction of the total. My real worry is over the bills for paper.

Grub Street is not a real place, but an equation in relativity.

Nobody could help liking this editor, he is so genial, courteous, and frank, so idealistic in his way. Nevertheless,

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Photograph from Wide World Photos

"A national weekly must be nationalistic, pro-American, anti-foreign"

I felt he regarded me as a long-nosed reformer meddling naively in a man's game. I gathered he wanted no instruction on how to run his magazine though his only sign of irritation at my most impudent questions was an added click to his voice. He was tired of these criticisms all of which had been made before, and he shook them off as the big dog might, impatient of this old stuff to which he had pat answers. They are good answers, too, for his formula for The Post and his idea of America are thoroughly self-conscious and philosophical—and have they not proven successful? It is startling to see how little they have changed since 1899. What he started to do in the first years he is still doing, only bigger and better. He seems singularly finished in channel, but not in impetus; his arteries are not hardening, but his thinking is; he adapts to change but along the pre-determined lines of his personality.

William James would have called him "tough-minded" and today we would add "extravert." What I personally seemed to miss was any trace of mysticism—what makes Ellery Sedgwick and Havelock Ellis "civilized." Traversing his personality you have an eerie fear lest you drop over an edge into nothingness; certain intangibles apparently do not exist in his universe, the lyric mood or whimsy, for example, or any sense of the autonomous soul in eternity. Put your faith in deeds, not preachments; do small moralizing, and then in parables; be kind to your friends and family; accept life as a real thing, not easily changed; keep busy and healthy—and God will doubtless take care of your soul and the hereafter. That is a good creed. Is it any wonder such a faith gets out a paper that suits Americans?

This enviably happy and supremely able editor looks what he is—an American of Scotch descent with a drop of Kentucky Bourbon in him, for he was born in Louisville. His father, the Reverend George C. Lorimer, was the minister at Tremont Temple, Boston, where the son lived until he was fourteen. Then ten years in Chicago where his father held a pastorate as that city became the metropolis of the Middle West. His interest in conservation he lays to this youth on the prairies. "In those days," he says of a trip to Kansas City, "the railroad ran through practically unfenced prairie, and one of my recollections is the large number of antelope to be seen, and the deer in the Colorado mountains." He had a public school education, a brief time at Yale, and spent eight years with Armour and Company where he rose from minor clerk to department head at a salary said to have been $5,000, certainly extraordinary

Photograph from Wide World Photos

"In some mystic way Curtis was the average American to the nth degree"

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Photograph from Wide World Photos

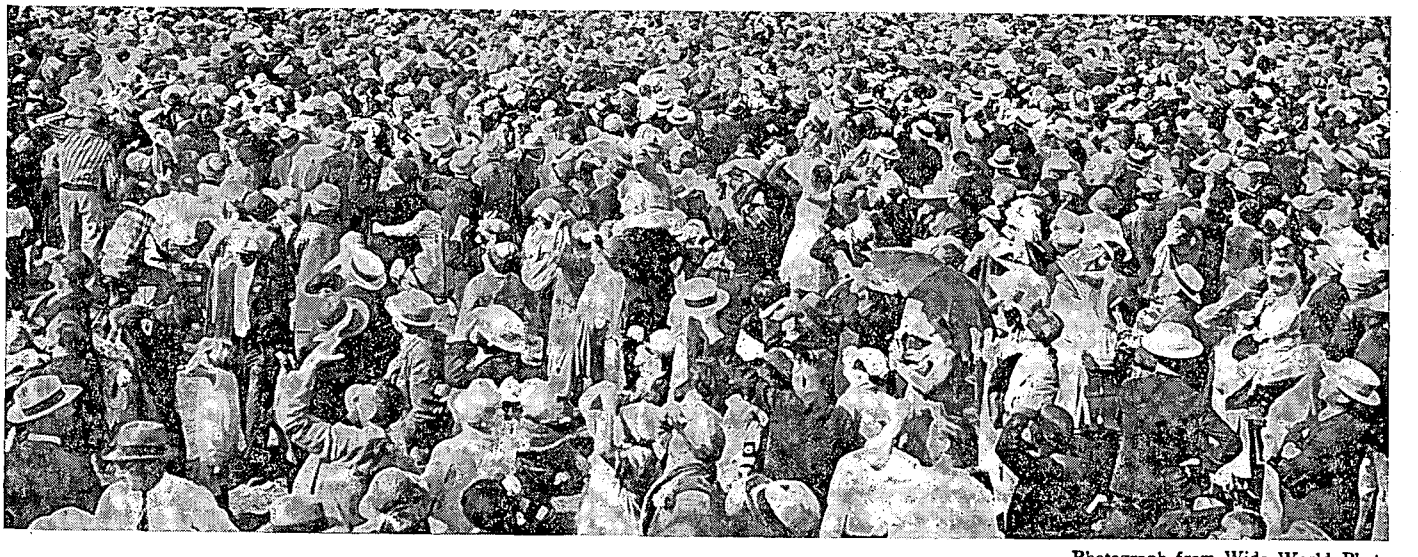
A magazine that suits "the average American in million lots"

in those days for a mere youth. Here he learned to know the pioneer merchants and railroad men and acquired the theory and practice of American business in its most realistic setting.

Next, however, Mr. Lorimer showed his mettle and his bent. He threw over an assured business career to go back to Boston for a year as a reporter, and to study English at Colby. Whoever thinks Lorimer is an accident needs to ponder this voluntary transfer. He now wrote his first short stories, and an unpublished novel that he confesses he made brave efforts to have published. Incidentally, he is not pre-eminently a writing man and though he has written reams of editorials for The Post, I recall scarcely a signed article by him in all these years. His chief literary success was the book, Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, wherein he discusses the doctrines of business and enlightened selfishness with a not unhumorous appreciation of the self-made character. His writing is clear, well-ordered, forthright in views and of a persuasive common-sense and reasoned conservatism; his style has the same character and force displayed in his personality, but lacks literary flavor or originality.

Mr. Lorimer declares that factors in his success have undoubtedly been the influence of his father and his mother on his life and reading; the insight he gained as a youth into the lives of people who make up the back-bone of America; his carefully guided reading as a boy, and his very wide reading since; his glimpses of the old America before it was despoiled and his great love for the out-of-doors; and the years he spent with Armour and Company. Came the wire from Mr. Curtis in 1899—and we are back at The Post.

Today that periodical is certainly the biggest five cents' worth in the world. On October 15, last, for example, you got 228 pages offering nine short-stories, three serials, ten articles, a funny page (not very!) and a page of editorials. A pretty girl in four colors decked the cover, but The Post's economic-esthetics did not use its marvelous color-presses any more for the reader, but printed sixteen pages for the advertiser. The authors were as they have been since the beginning, top-liners: Sir Conan Doyle, Donn Byrne, Henry L. Stimson, Mrs. Enrico Caruso, John Golden of the theater. There was a bully detective serial, The Bellamy Trial. In economics you could read What Is This Art Game? by Joseph Cummings Chase, and In The Wheat Pit from James A. Patten. (*Continued on page* 714)



Photograph from Wide World Photos

"The tale that draws the most listeners and does not spoil the buying mood"

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Psychology for Lowbrows

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Cartoons by J. H. Donahey

FEW of us are so perfect that if we were on exhibition we could hope to capture the first prize in everything. On the other hand, not all of us would be ruled out of the exhibit altogether. Most of us live in that dim middle region which fails of the blue ribbon, to be sure, but which also escapes the discard. We may not be handsome, but we are not grotesque. Too near-sighted, too fat or too thin perhaps, but still able to get about. And these slight infirmities, these lapses here and over-prominences there, apply equally to our mental grasp. We are not geniuses, we regretfully admit. But neither are we imbeciles, although we may be near it. The difficulty of a social democracy built on so many mental levels, however, is that no matter what standard of intelligence is required, and no matter how many citizens are locked up who fall below it, there will inevitably be a still larger group who just get by the deadline and remain at large—starting the fire from a gasoline can, buying diamonds on instalments, and driving trucks. They are also voting and running for office. And since there are so many of them, it is by their impulses and decisions that the destinies of the minority are swayed. If, with no disgrace, we may be somewhat out of health but not quite invalided, out of pocket but not quite bankrupt, why may we not be seven-eighths but not eight-eighths, dull, unlettered, and misinformed? We not only may, but many of us are. And it is to this large group, the vast army of the lowbrows, that psychology should be taught.

Our reason for this ambitious project is, that whereas many refinements of the higher culture can be cheerfully dispensed with, it has come to the point where at least a rudimentary knowledge of psychology is necessary if we are all to escape being public nuisances. To take just two examples. There are doubtless many citizens who are normally endowed, but who, from prejudice backed by excessive feeling, vote against the teaching of evolution in the schools. But there are many voters in their wake who are unable to understand what the issue is all about. It is not the physical, it is the mental problem which alarms them. What is a mind? What is a monkey? Do our minds resemble the monkey as our faces undeniably do? And if so, have we lost all hope of heaven? These are shocking questions for the timid, who have grasped neither the question nor the answer, but who merely have succeeded in getting their feelings hurt. It only makes matters worse if we get sore and argue. They may not understand the issue, but they thoroughly understand a fight. Only by good-natured explanation and re-explanation, by pictures, and by cheerful "kidding" which deprives the subject of its awful majesty, can superstitious fears be relieved, and the voter—who, the nearer he is to an ape, the more he naturally resents it—be persuaded to have the subject aired.

Or take psychiatry, that dread word which few can understand and none can spell. If only psychiatry could be laid upon the shelf with stellar physics and cosmic rays! Let a new comet swim into our headlines, and Lem and Lena can amuse themselves trying to locate it among the stars, in the tame intervals between hugs. They seldom find it, and would not understand it if they did. Few of us do. But what of it? They need not vote a comet into office, nor finance its career. A comet is an evening's entertainment—not an issue. And for that, astronomy deserves our profound gratitude. But now that the praecox, the pervert and the paranoid have appeared in our courts, have confused our views of right and wrong, and turned black murder into many shades of gray, what must we expect of Lem and Lena? They may not be the culprits, but the police, the jury, the attorneys, or the general public. Whatever they are, they are completely mystified, and yet they must take a stand of some sort. The accused cannot be left to his own devices, like the magnetic pole or ether drift. He must be freed, fined, fed, or hanged. And how are Lem and Lena to know which?

Let the expert attempt to explain to them the condition of the neurotic's mind, in the language of the books, and Lem is convinced that he is being "strung." If precise vocabulary is left behind, and it is explained to Lena in terms of her own experience, she giggles, and asks, "Who's loony now?" The psychiatrist fumbles helplessly about between psychology and slang in the hope of striking the right vernacular, and both Lem and his girl get suitably disgusted and decide that it is all "the bunk." Why blame them? They are right. In the course of these fevered translations from one language level to another, it has become bunk indeed, and the would-be interpreter is finally aghast himself at the outcome. There used to be a game much esteemed at church socials in which we whispered a sentence into the ear of our neighbor, and the whispers passed around the circle, more and more distorted as they traveled. I recall an instance in which "She has on a red dress and green shoes" emerged as "The peanut fat of childhood," which is no more of a sea change than when a painstaking analysis of a morbid fear comes back from Lena as "I dreamed of a wedding once, and the dog died. Is that psychological?" The astronomer at this point would be at liberty to shriek and disappear. But the psychologist at court has no such easy way out of it. For Lem and Lena are important people, and there are many of them, and on their judgment and willingness to cooperate many issues hang.

OUR contention is that they should begin their study of human behavior before they are either members of Congress, gentlemen of the jury, or matrons of the jail. If an eclipse had to be voted across the moon, or winter could give place to spring only after an astronomer had made the equinoxes clear to a soda-clerk, two barbers, and a bill-collector, we should have even more trouble with the weather than we do now. For staple crops we should probably feel that popular education along these lines ought to

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be required even in the kindergarten, and that certain scientific concepts should be absorbed and accepted early, even if they were not, and could never be, understood. Few of us know why we think the earth is round. But we accept it, and that is enough.

How then shall we teach Lem and Lena the fundamental facts of habits, emotions, abilities, abnormalities, and human peculiarities in general, since such problems are daily brought before them for decision, and society is in an uproar if they decide wrong?

IN simple justice, let us admit that the responsibility for this enlightenment weighs on many a tender conscience, but unfortunately these consciences do not belong to psychologists. Every January, when the Christmas tree is down, and the days are getting colder, a host of master-men and wonder-women descends upon our city. Each lecturer is the president of an important but unknown organization, cosmic in its scope, and each one hires a hall. There they warm their chilly audiences with the assurance that by deep breathing, courage, and bran, they can tap the unconscious, double their salaries, and marry whom they will. Along in March these sunny optimists disappear to lecture elsewhere —or to live at the Ritz for the rest of the year upon the proceeds. If a fighting champion may win a million for half an hour of hooks to the jaw, who grudges a thousand or more to some bright stranger who will assure us that we are all big boys and girls? We need such comfort in a January freeze.

But there are even psychologists within the fold who are attempting to write about their science in admirably lucid language. They do a good job of it for the audiences that they know. But none apparently knows the audience with which the evening papers are familiar and which needs their ministrations most. In vain does one hunt for a text that has been modelled on the monosyllables, the pictures, and the slang, in the atmosphere of which alone our lowbrows feel at home.

Let us select nine paragraph headings at random from a recent well-written text, in use among many extension courses and recommended enthusiastically for all. These quoted statements are all sound, and doubtless many would understand them. But they would make strange hash in the minds of Lem and Lena, who are now married, and who are reading them in the intervals of feeding coffee and hotdogs to the baby. To start with problem 1: "What are the elements of Psychology?" A fair question, if you know what it means. But the only place where Lena ever heard of the "elements" is at the corner movie, where the heroine is usually battling against them, or the hero defies them in his progress through the jungle. The "elements" are of course thunder and lightning, and Lena is excusably puzzled when, on starting a text in psychology, she is first asked to consider a thunder storm.

"Strange hash in the minds of Lem and Lena"

"What's all this about rain?" she asks Lem.

"I don't know" he answers. "I heard there was a play called Rain."

"Maybe that's a psychological play," concludes Lena, and passes on to problem 2. Here we are told that in considering psychology, "We must first agree as to its scope." Agree about Scopes? Agree! Of all things to tell Lem, who is a faithful newspaper reader and distinctly remembers that nobody agreed about him.

"What's Scopes got to do with it, anyhow?" he grumbles. "If we wait till we agree about that guy, we'll do some waiting."

"What's the argument about? What's the matter with him?" inquires Lena.

"Monkeys," answers Lem, and they pass on to statement 3: "Scientific facts must not be interpreted by rule of thumb." Lem works in a steel mill which employs Polish laborers and an interpreter is often needed when they get in trouble. "Why would any one interpret with his thumbs?" he murmurs puzzled. "Them Poles talk with their faces like any one else."

"Maybe some are deaf and dumb," suggests Lena. "I seen some dumbies on the street talking with their hands. It makes you laugh to see them."

"I never seen a deaf and dumb Polack in my life," insists Lem.

"Maybe some of them are," explains Lena soothingly. "Maybe if you wiggle your thumbs it puts them out, or makes them sore, or something. You never can tell with them people."

Statement 4 tells us that "After we find facts, we must discover the laws which govern their relations." Now "relations" are a very important part of the domestic life of Lem and Lena. Relations mean very distinctly the two Guppy families, always at swords points, and that awful cousin Hattie, who manages to keep the entire circle in an uproar. That "relations" can mean anything but these individuals, or their equivalents in their neighbors' families has never occurred to them. We therefore seem at last to be getting to the psychology we were after, and which teaches us how to govern our relations.

"Some psychologist, I'll bet, if he can show us how to handle Hattie," chuckles Lem.

But statement 5 leaves this promising scent cold, and veers off with the mysterious remark that "the more nearly these laws can be stated in quantitative or mathematical formulae, the happier the scientist becomes." To Lena, of course, a scientist is a Christian Scientist. She knew one once, and has never heard of any other kind.

"They claim they're always happy no matter what you do to

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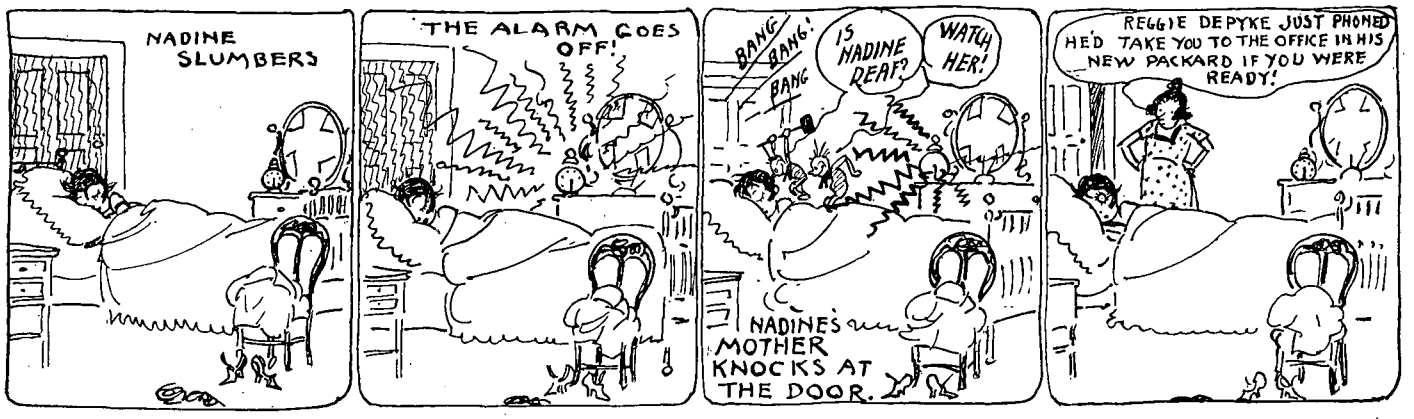

NADINE SLUMBERS
THE ALARM GOES OFF!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
IS NADINE DEAF?
WATCH HER!
NADINE'S MOTHER KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.
REGGIE DEPYKE JUST PHONED HE'D TAKE YOU TO THE OFFICE IN HIS NEW PACKARD IF YOU WERE READY!

them," she questions, puzzled. "I don't know why math. would make them any happier. Irene was never so strong for figures in school. Nor for any kind of laws that I know of. She wasn't that sort of a kid."

"Maybe she wasn't a Scientist then. Maybe she turned since," suggests Lem.

"That's right. I guess she did," agrees Lena satisfied, and passes on to the alarming sixth pronouncement that "Psychology is a science and not a gospel." Not the gospel! What blasphemy is this? After a somewhat wild girlhood, Lena has settled down a good deal, and is often on a church committee for canvassing the ladies as to baked-bean socials. To be told in so many words that psychology is against the gospel, and that Lena must change from the Adventist church to be a Scientist, is going too far. It only proves what she has often heard—that psychology is dangerous and unsettling and one of Satan's tools for disrupting the church.

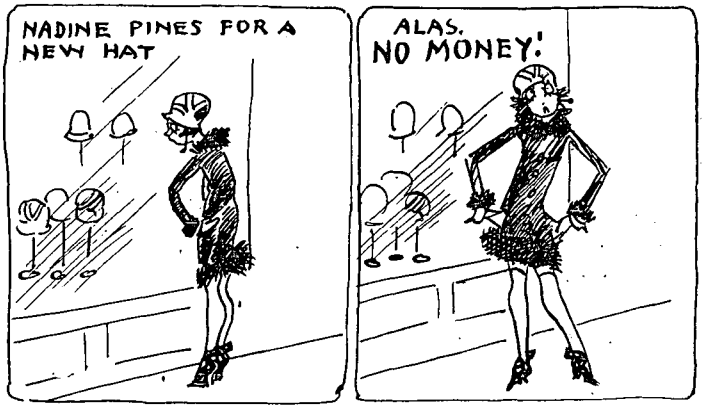
Question 7: "What are the emotions?" seems to be sensible enough. But the answer goes trailing off about the saliva in the mouth of some Russian dog. These dirty Russians and their dogs. Who wants to be a Bolshevik?

They are asked in 8 to "Begin with the behavior of a cell." Probably a misprint for *in* a cell. But *what* cell? No arrest, trial, or prisoner has been mentioned. Although they look back to locate the criminal they cannot find him, and pass on to question 9.

"Psycho-analysis. What is it?" This is a fair question, but in the answering paragraph they find the words "information," "tradition," "civilization," "fixation," "consolation," and "rationalization." What an array of abstractions! They agree with the poet who plead, "Do not confuse the language of the nation, with long-tailed words in osity and ation." So they shove the book toward the baby who immediately begins to tear out the leaves, and is so cute doing it that they cannot bear to stop her.

AND what do they do next? With a sigh of content they turn to their evening paper, and after their unprofitable excursion into science, they contentedly devour the serial and the comic strips. No one has to urge them to read these. They want to. They thrill. They chuckle. They wouldn't miss them for the world. Why do they love these sections so well, and why is it such a relief to escape from the abstract ideas and logical sequences of the scientific text, to the concreteness and jolly incoherence of their favorite reading matter? This is our problem in a nutshell. Why do children love Mother Goose? Among other things, for its delightful irrelevance about homely domestic objects. Crooked sixpences and porridge, stolen pigs and lost mittens, all appear on the same page without the slightest attempt to harmonize their delightful jumble. The enthusiastic baby pores over this hodge-podge and giggles, "It's fawney. Kittens fawney. Pigs fawney," and Lena does the same. Our first clue, then, is to make psychology concrete, irrelevant, and funny.

Our next clue is from the serials. These cleverly constructed narratives, like the comics, admit the fact that human beings love a fight. And like them, they can be taken up and left at any point without disturbing the flow.



Helen and Warren, those veteran serial squabblers, lacking as they are in personal charm and in ability to learn from experience, have held Lena's absorbed interest for years. She never tires of their quarrels. Too much domestic harmony can be a bore. The serial writers recognize this, and make their beautiful blondes wander through a maze of tiffs and misunderstandings. They lose their jobs, offend their lovers, leave and return to their mothers, tell lies of which they soon repent, and so on and on. So deft has this serial construction become, that not only can one leave Spun Gold, for instance, and pick it up at any point, but if one has lost a few issues including the final chapters, Spun Gold will slide into The Bashful Bride almost without a jolt. Finally, the most successful comics and serials are endless. The characters never change. They never grow old, they never learn, they never soften. Maggie's rolling pins fly as merrily as they ever

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did, and Mutt and Jeff are still as tricky. Let their creators become millionaires if they will, but let them not retire. Let them grind on *ad infinitum,* and never, never vary from the type.

Why cannot these charms of concreteness, irrelevance, comedy, and infinity, be copied by the psychologist in his attempts to teach? Instead of dragging readers to knit their brows over what is to them a foreign tongue, why not lure them in the language that they love? It is easier to suggest this than to carry it out. For such presentation is an art, and an art that if well learned will land the artist on Easy Street.

Nevertheless, with the suitable humility of a novice I wish to outline a psychological strip, to run for twenty-five years at least, and entitled, Nadine and her Nerves. Since we have cast continuity aside, it makes no difference where we begin. But perhaps six-thirty A. M. is as good as any other place.

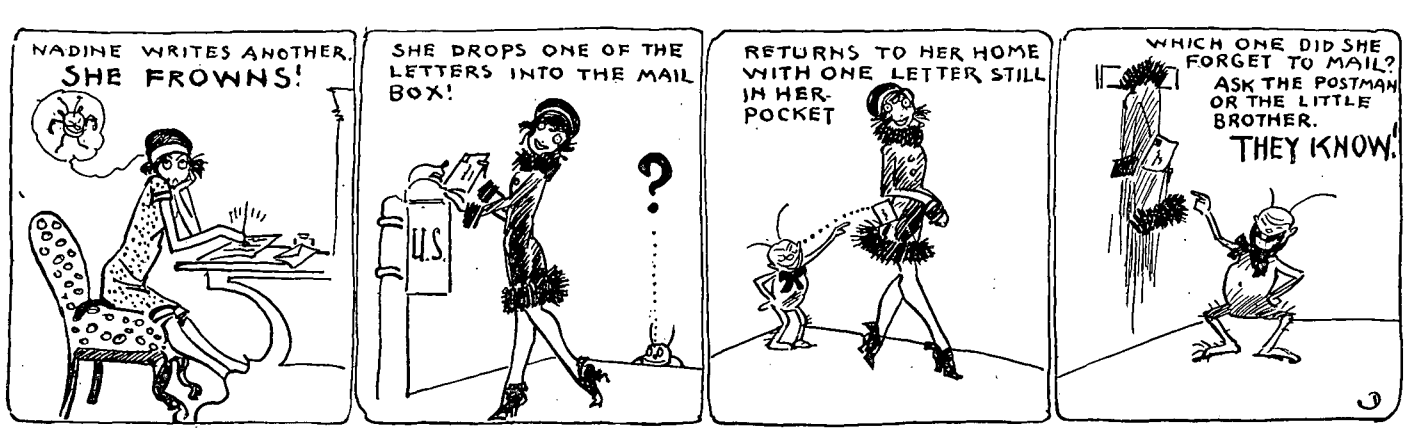
There shall be five pictures in a strip. 1. Nadine is sleeping in her bedroom. 2. Alarm-clock goes off—Nadine still sleeps. 3. Her mother pounds the door. She sleeps on. Dotted line from the clock to her ear, with humorous nerve-currents shaped like kewpies, pounding on her ear-drum. Balloon from one kewpie asks "Is Nadine deaf?" From the other answers "Watch her!" 5. Balloon from her mother's mouth announces, "Reggie DePyke just phoned he'd take you to the office in his new Packard, if you were ready." Nadine in this picture leaps from her bed. Caption: "Nadine is not deaf." See answer on Page 12. On this page shall be stated for the real student: "The nerves in Nadine's ear are all right. But Nadine has a brain although you wouldn't guess it. Reggie can reach her brain but the alarm clock can't. How come?"

In the next strip, scene 1, Nadine stares into a shop window. 2. She turns away with her pockets inside out—no money. 3. A stylish beauty passes, and Nadine gazes after her. 4. Goes back to the store and lingers before a counter full of hats. 5. Holds out her hand for the bandbox, and balloon says "Charge it." Page 12 informs us, "Suggestion did it. Why does the second chicken cross the road? Because the first one did."

Next strip: 1. Nadine is writing a letter with a joyful smile. 2. She writes another with a frown. 3. She goes to the mailbox and puts one in. 4. Walks back with kewpie pointing to one letter still in her pocket. 5. Coat hangs on a nail with the kewpie still laughing at the forgotten letter. Page 12 asks further, "Does the mould collect on bills or billet doux? Which one did she forget to mail? Ask little brother or the postman. They know."

It can readily be seen that these strips are concrete, irrelevant and that they could go on forever. That they are not so very funny, we ruefully admit. But perhaps humor could be injected by means of a cock-eyed dog who always does what Nadine does. Or he might sit on "See page 12" and shout, "Come on fellas, don't weaken," through a megaphone. Probably the most practical plan would be for a million-dollar funny man to take the completed work of a hundred-dollar psychologist and try to inject a laugh. Nadine ought to be able to do as many funny things in a day and her nerves get as scientific analysis as if she were only dull. It is not more psychological to be tiresome. It is just less expensive.

Supplementing Nadine and her comic strip, we might try a serial on Rita's Reflexes. It could start something like this: "Rita was certainly peevish that morning. Everything had gone wrong. First she knocked down the toothbrush again, and broke the glass. Her (*Continued on page* 720)


NADINE WRITES ANOTHER. SHE FROWNS!
SHE DROPS ONE OF THE LETTERS INTO THE MAIL BOX!
U.S.
?
RETURNS TO HER HOME WITH ONE LETTER STILL IN HER POCKET
WHICH ONE DID SHE FORGET TO MAIL? ASK THE POSTMAN OR THE LITTLE BROTHER. THEY KNOW!

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At the Cross-Roads in Immigration

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

BEHOLD herewith in grim vivid exhibit a cross-section of America. Samples from a deep dipping in the Melting-Pot. Something to provoke thought as we turn from what has been in immigration and try to vision what is to be, or anyway ought to be.

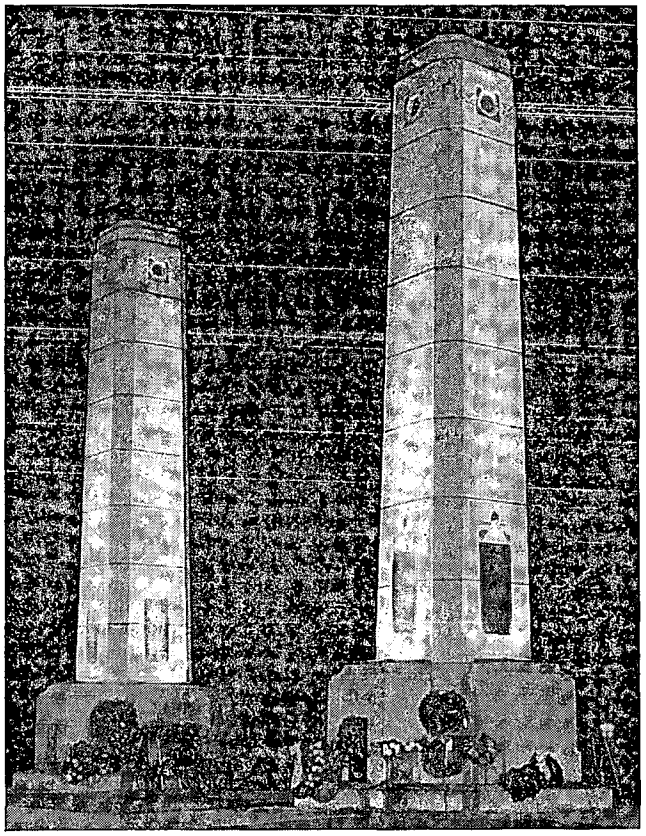
On Armistice Day I stood in a rain in Fulton Street Park, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, before the two massive granite pylons that constitute the city's memorial to her sons who gave their lives in the Great War. The eight bronze tablets which bear the "Gold Star Honor Roll" seemed to me peculiarly impressive.

I had seen such tablets before; many of them, in many parts of the country. I had seen them, too, in many cities and villages abroad—in France, Italy, Germany, England; even in Switzerland. Oh, yes, Switzerland had her war-martyrs. It cost her dear, merely to guard the frontiers of her precarious neutrality, suspect and exasperating to the warring nations surrounding her. Like Palestine of old, Switzerland is a coveted oasis—both a gateway and a barrier between historically jealous neighbors. Throughout the War her borders bristled with her own bayonets, and young men died for the precious tradition that she must not use them. Belgium had had a tradition like that.

ONE striking difference marks the memorial tablets in all those countries, as compared with ours. In France, the names are French. In Italy, Italian. In Germany, German. In England . . . well, in England an ethnological analyst might be put to it to isolate the racial factors on an island which from time immemorial has been a landing-place for the whole world; among a people bred out of Angles and Saxes, Picts and Scots, Kelts, Normans, Romans, and what-not else—even to Levantine Phoenicians. The study of racial origins requires a deft unscrambling of enormously diverse eggs. It will do to say, however, that in any European country the memorial lists seem preponderantly homogeneous, so far as mere names may show.

But in America, almost anywhere you go, the lists of those who died under the flag, giving their last great gift to their America—many of them still technically aliens in our waiting-list toward citizenship—are like these from Grand Rapids, representing almost every blood and origin on earth. I do not know whether anywhere there is a tablet bearing a Japanese name; but I do know that the Act of May 9, 1918, at least temporarily swept into eligibility for citizenship by reason exclusively of war-time service, upward of 200,000 aliens regardless of racial origin, and that in one court not less than 184 Japanese were held to be eligible because of that service.

LOOK over the names. In reducing the size of the tablets for reproduction here we have taken pains to keep them legible. Read them against the arbitrary discrimination based on current racial assumptions which of late has embodied the superstition of "Nordic" superiority. The only allowance you will have to make will be for the fact that the population of that part of Michigan is heavily Dutch. Remember too that this exhibit is not from a vast cosmopolitan jam of races in New York or Chicago, where as in a plumber's trap are caught disproportionate settlings of our racial circulation, giving to those in the midst of it a sense of smothering in something intensive, clogged. This vivid testimony is from a typical Middle Western industrial city with a population under 170,000. It cuts down through all the strata, of class, religion, race, economic status.



Baker Photo Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan

The Grand Rapids war memorial

WHAT a text and substantiation this list might have made for Kipling, had he seen it before he wrote his apostrophe to the American people*:

> . . . the biggest, finest and best people on the surface of the globe! Just you wait a hundred years and see how they'll behave when they've had the screw put on them and have forgotten a few of the patriarchal teachings of Mr. George Washington. Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew—the man of the future—is properly equipped. He'll have just the least little kink in his hair now and again; he'll carry the English lungs above the Teuton feet that can walk forever; and he will wave long, bony Yankee hands with the big blue veins on the wrist, from one end of the earth to the other. He'll be the finest writer, poet and dramatist, 'specially dramatist, that the

* From Sea to Sea, chapter xxxiii.

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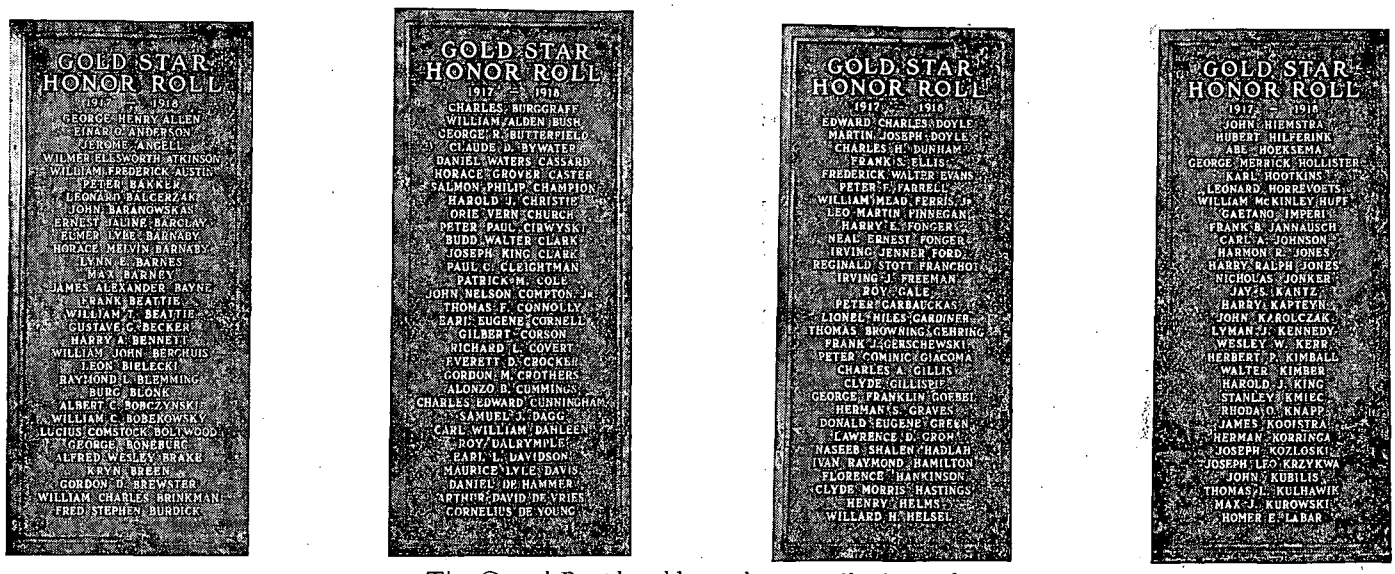

The Grand Rapids tablets—honor roll of sacrifice

world as it recollects itself has ever seen. By virtue of his Jew blood—just a little, little drop—he'll be a musician and a painter, too. At present there is too much balcony and too little Romeo in the life-plays of his fellow-citizens. Later on, when the proportion is adjusted and he sees the possibilities of his land, he will produce things that make the effete East stare. He will also be a complex and highly composite administrative. There will be nothing known to man that he will not be, and his country will sway the world with one foot as a man tilts a see-saw plank. . . . Sixty million people, chiefly of English instincts, who are trained from youth to believe that nothing is impossible, don't slink through the centuries like Russian peasantry.

ONE need not like this picture, nor subscribe to it in minute detail, to recognize that it represents generally precisely what is going on and will go on still more, as we assimilate these people who have joined us and whose sons have died in common cause with ours. When Mr. Kipling wrote that prophecy, thirty years ago, the so-called "new immigration" was hardly yet under way. In the year of its publication (1899) the total immigration into the United States was less than it was last year under the rigid restrictions of the quota system. As I looked at these tablets Mr. Kipling's forecast came to mind, and the names on them blurred before my eyes into a composite—a mosaic, cemented in blood.

One name in that list I knew personally—that of a family with whom mine has been friends for almost half a century. A "Nordic" name if there be such a thing; here in a roster of utmost sacrifice, merged in a common roll with Pole and Slovak, Greek and Italian, Lithuanian, Spanish, French, Dutch, Scandinavian, Welsh, English, Scotch, German—the whole amazing synthesis of our Melting Pot.

THEY answered—all the races alike; all the "stocks," whether yclept "old" immigration or "new"—the acid test of willingness to give their all. Of some, very particularly of the races now treated as "inferior," it may be said that their zest was greater than ours. Consider the challenge to smug self-sufficiency in that banner which the Czecho-Slovaks carried in the Cleveland Liberty Loan parade:

AMERICANS, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED:
WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THESE TYRANTS
FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS!

Many of us looked upon these men as somehow sneaking into a privilege, overlooking the fact that they were bringing us a gift! So, all through these years, we have been treating these who have on the whole understood "America" quite as well as we of the "old stocks" have understood it.

I knew well enough what that one familiar name meant in the household of my friends; it took no stretch of imagination to know what the other names meant in homes whose thresholds I had not crossed and never would cross. I knew, too, that underneath all was the new bond that in the end would help to knit our nation. Not only that—every "gold star" in Grand Rapids or anywhere else measures the concern of every home in America in what may happen in any far corner of the earth . . . as for instance at Sarajevo of Herzegovina.

STILL extant is the superstition that the "new immigration" involved some deterioration in the quality of inflow. It is not true. Analysis of more than 26,000 petitions for naturalization filed in the last year before the War disposed of it for all who will consider the findings with a candid eye. Space is not available here for the conclusions of the Study of Methods of Americanization on that subject.* They were summarized in Survey Graphic for February 25, 1922. Let me quote this much regarding the results of that analysis:

First and most important is *the destruction of the legendary presumption of some change for the worse in recent years in the inherent character-quality of immigration to this country, and in the attitude of the typical immigrant of those years toward American citizenship. There has been no such change.*

Second, it is evident that such difference as exists among races is not an inherent racial quality but a difference between the political, social and economic conditions at the time of migration in the country of origin. Those nations whose people are most free from tyranny and oppression and most contented with the conditions under which they live at home, send the fewest immigrants to America; their immigrants come at a later age, and when they do come they retain longest or altogether their original citizenship.

ANYHOW, for good or ill, the day of unrestricted immigration is over. We perhaps approach the day of no immigration at all. The whole tendency of legislation

* The statistics and findings are set forth at large in Americans by Choice, by John Palmer Gavit (Harper, 1922). The volume, like all the others in the series, is now out of print, but may be found in any well-supplied library.

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Exhibit of the racial mosaic; cemented in our blood

pending in Congress at the present session is toward tightening still more the ban upon additions to our population; barring rather grudging mitigation of certain obvious inhumanities, such as now operate to separate and disorganize the families of those whom we have admitted. There appears no disposition on anybody's part—even those of the races subject to discrimination—to open the doors any wider. It is difficult to understand why the racial groups discriminated against have not sought to exercise in the ballot-box their undeniable power.

Still across the doorway stands organized labor, jealously watchful against additions to job-competition. Conditions of unemployment aggravate the mood. Committed as one may be at heart—as I am myself by every instinct of liberty—to the proposition that a man should be free at his pleasure and convenience to move about the earth, he is confronted by pragmatical facts. We have an enormous task to assimilate the vast masses of folk of many races whom we have admitted and who abide undigested in our midst. And industrial changes. . . . Last year a bare handful of men with a steam-shovel or two rebuilt near my home a highway whose original construction twenty years ago required a small army of foreign-born labor.

It will be long beyond our time before these once hospitable doors shall open wide again.

MEANWHILE, standing at the end of the old happy-go-lucky road, with a new path to take, we blunder, with half-baked, academic notions based on raw primitive suspicion of the "foreigner"; suspicion with which the demagogue is playing dangerously. With pseudo-scientific classifications of supposititious racial quality, created by race-prejudice out of imagination, and without a fact-substantiated footing on the earth.

We near the vanishing-point. If you doubt that, compare the immigration of the last fiscal year with that of the one that ended as the War broke out:

Year ending June 30, 1914.....1,218,480
Year ending June 30, 1927..... 335,175

And that is not the whole story. Against that 335,175 of all occupations, put the emigration, the outgoing flow of those who went back home or elsewhere, of 73,366—a good deal more than one in five. Of ordinary unskilled laborers (not including farm labor) we admitted last year only 53,850; but more than half that number (29,229) left the country. In other words, in the last fiscal year the net gain to our population through immigration was less than 262,000. Consider that as an element of peril in a population estimated at nearly 119,000,000. Or as an addition to the total foreign-born population (in 1920) of 13,920,692.

SURELY the time has come to do our screening more intelligently. In the long and intricate analytical study referred to above, it was disclosed beyond a reasonable doubt that there was and could be no dependable standard of admission based on *racial origin*. In respect of character, basic intelligence, understanding of and response to our national essentials, the so-called "new immigration" compared in every respect favorably with the "old." And in these grim lists of those who bought their status in our gratitude with their lives, find if you can the right to discriminate between one *race as such* and another.

One is driven inexorably to the conclusion that whatever the standard, however fine the sifting, the test, whether of admission as an immigrant, or of fitness for citizenship, should be *individual*.

It is very difficult. Sit you down now, at something more constructive than a cross-word puzzle—frame if you can a statement of what an immigrant must show before you will let him come in behind the Statue of Liberty. Official approval of his career at home? Fancy a Carl Schurz getting such a document! That he has no prison record? Neither Cosgrave nor Mussolini could pass the test—nor Kossuth or Kosciuszko. Not to mention the fact that all of the last three of these are of the non-Nordic races against which by definition we discriminate.

Somehow, sooner or later, we must come to it. Sooner or later we shall abandon the delusions upon which our present "system" is based. Sooner or later, let the number of those admitted from any or all lands be as small as may be, we may find the wit to devise a way to make our selection really selective; to choose, within whatever the definition and the quota, not specimens of races, but men and women, such as thus far have made America.

With this as our general background, we shall discuss in later articles the theories, proposals and difficulties involved in our immigration policy, past, present and possible.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

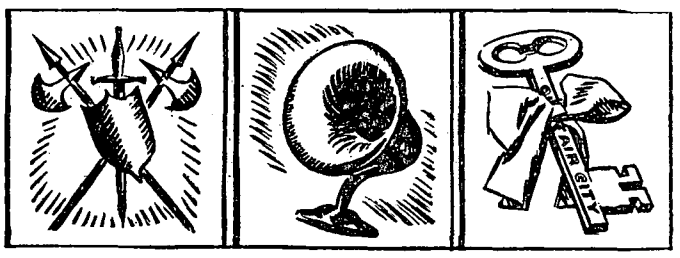
Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Spotlights and Moonshine in America

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND-WAGON, *by Charles Merz. John Day Company. 263 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
CONQUISTADOR, *by Philip Guedalla. Harper. 276 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
SOME PEOPLE, *by Harold Nicolson. Houghton-Mifflin. 247 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE CHANGING SOUTH, *by William J. Robertson. Boni & Liveright. 311 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

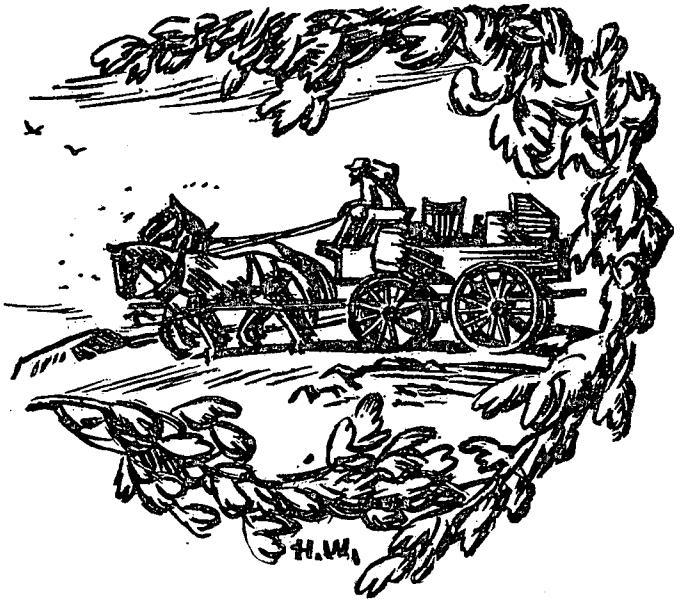
IF blood is to prove thicker than ink, the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations must at once pass a resolution that English books shall not be more amusing than American books. Americans never shall be slaves to British figures-of-speech. We accept in principle the rule that the Mother Country ought to use the mother tongue better than any flapper daughter (despite Mother's ignorance on the pronunciation of Magdalen and Pall Mall)—but with the reservation, as they say in secretariats, that we must have security: no nation shall write a better book about another nation than that nation can write about itself! The violation of this shall be distinctly held as *casus belles lettres*. If the League lacks jurisdiction (on which indeed it seems singularly short) we shall invite that great Pan-Chicagoan, the *litterateur* of the Loop, burning with his hard, gem-like flame by Michigan's water, to expurgate from English books those passages that make true patriots sick with envy. I do not refer to the late Lord Bryce, but to the present case of Merz, Robertson et al. v. Philip Guedalla and Harold Nicolson, gents.

Charles Merz has written a scrutiny of certain cultural divagations of our generation that seem to him symbolic of our quest for glamor in a drab and machine-made age. Our pioneer zeal and energy are unabated, but we can no longer set out for the frontier in a covered wagon; instead we mount The Great American Band-Wagon, laden with soft drinks and loud-speakers, and somewhat pitifully dash toward the horizon in search of escape. We arrive at a bathing-beauty contest in Atlantic City, the ringside of a Tunney-Dempsey fight, or on the piazza of a pseudo-Spanish villa set madly on the river-flats of Cincinnati. The chief thrills en route have been endless vistas of identic filling stations or the reading of newspaper ballyhoo on our bigger and better murder trials. The author is generally tolerant



of our folly, but the fatness of his facts, and a subsoil acidulousness of tone, make his book in essence an indictment of our infantile futility and our waste of the spirit.

The author has applied to the present with great thoroughness the historical method of Mr. Mark Sullivan who prefers to study the songs of a nation (and its bustles) rather than its laws. He admits all our conquests, from sanitation to opera, but adds: "We are rich in ferries, yet we have no boat-songs. We have the greatest highways in the world, but we have lost our frontiers." This omits, I think, some of the cultural thrill Americans have gotten out of work; but in centering on our recreations, Mr. Merz is right, for as leisure increases, our amusements are going to be our culture. And his catalog of these new folkways of leisure and their mechanical impedimenta is certainly complete. With each item he offers a tag of explanation that too often does not explain. The replacing of the bar-room by the soda-fountain café is not absolute proof we "live on another and tamer frontier," nor is the pursuit of golf to be summed up in the epigram, "These bright legs are the war-paint of the nation." Yet it is pertinent to point out that our everlasting joining of things, herds of Elk or caravans of Shriners, so we can release ourselves with mumbo-jumbo rituals and put on baggy pants, is partly for business reasons, but even more to open "the gate to never-never land."



Frontispiece by Howard W. Willard, and two strips from the end papers, of The Great American Band-Wagon by Charles Merz, published by John Day, New York

Yet in spite of keen observation and massed facts, this book remains dull. It suffers from the disease it is diag-

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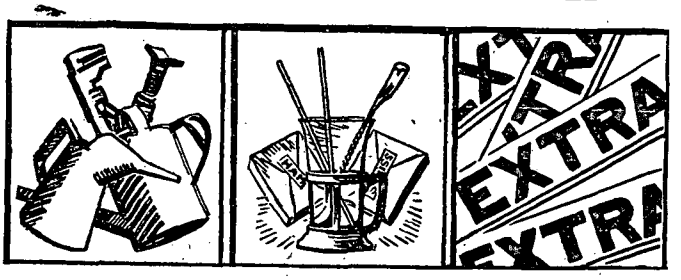

nosing: the application of mechanical intelligence to obvious physical facts. We anticipate most of Mr. Merz's categories and even his ever-ready reasons; we are quick to admit our dissatisfaction with our own folk-lore. What we want to be told is how to get better folk-lore. Of old the glamours came from work, war, exploration, or religion. Our age has lost them all. Without them we face the icy fact that life does not offer vast numbers of beautiful and spiritual resources to get through the day without dying of ennui. It is not enough to make fun of the plebs at play. The challenge is not to any further belaboring of the people (is not Mr. Mencken hale?) but to the offer of models for the good life. With what would Mr. Merz have us fill the years that have to be filled or suicide envisaged?

I hope to fill part of mine chuckling over whimsical satire like Conquistador by the wandering historian from England, Philip Guedalla. He calls his book American Fantasia and Mr. Merz's sub-title is A Study in Exaggerations so they must be writing about the same thing. But how differently! and how much defter is the Englishman—to return to our thesis. He offers no serious catalog—only an impish diary, full of glints from our surfaces, and trivia, but, glory! how his epigrams hit us off, even though the glitter of language gets a bit wearing. What I mean demands quotations: Mr. Merz, seeing how our business "beauty contests" fill roto-gravure sections with feminine backs and legs, says: "The same process that has given the stocking trade a Queen of Hosiery has provided the press with a pony chorus for its editorials." Says Mr. Guedalla, concerning "Big Bill" Thompson's promise to "hand King George one on the snoot," "Even Mayor Thompson's language has declared its independence of the King's English." And a page later he describes Chicago as "seated beside the dancing beauty of her lake and trying—sometimes a little truculently—to be an American city." That's the essence of impertinent wisdom. By dealing with the very shadows on the surface of our life he somehow reveals the heart. Is it jest or a rebuke that he dedicates his book "To my Charming Guardians, the Pullman Porters of America?" What sort of stiletto-writing is it when, having apologized for being superficial because his stay was brief, he adds: "Deeper studies may be safely left to those whose stay was briefer still?"

What's in the book? Oh, sketches of waiting-rooms on the New York Central, and prune-bloom time in Santa Clara, a word on the southern gentleman, a visit to Gettysburg in the snow, calling a movie studio a mad cathedral, scorn for our skyscraper churches that promise "5 per cent on Your Fellow Man's Salvation" with a word "of simple reverence" for the genius who has solved the tantalizing problem of ecclesiastical architecture so long presented by the waste space in the steeple by filling it with a cafeteria and 644 hotel rooms, or an inspired interpretation of Boston that "impelled austerely by a Puritan tradition has often chosen to tread the stonier road of rejection, a harder way, since rejection implies a certain poise, some reference to standards, and a process (however summary) of discrimination." Mr. Merz forgot Boston. But you shall not look over my shoulder any longer; take the book. I guarantee it is amusing and will prick your complacency.

British authors can be just as amusingly irreverent about themselves. Harold Nicolson is in Some People. It's deeper than Conquistador yet with the same gift for seeming superficial and revealing rock bottom in these sketches of nine people who somehow constitute a biography of the author and a human cosmography of the British Foreign Office and a psychography of several souls. But there's no *graphy* in the telling, just sophistication, the trick of incongruous associations that bring pathos or a sense of passing time, a brilliant handling of places, and an even more brilliant illumination of character by slant-wise, half-aside phrases. There is the added charm of getting back stage on diplomacy, and seeing Lord Curzon, who comes on "majestically, as if he were carrying his own howdah," meet Mussolini, write his daily dozens of letters, and imitate Tennyson reciting "Tears, Idle Tears," all against a background of a drunken valet. Mr. Nicolson knows his English style. Of the Marquis de Chaumont's literary deliquescence he says: "I did not foresee, however, that his snobbishness would become as a bloated moth fretting the garment of his intellect, that the blue particles of his blood would wage eternal warfare on the red corpuscles with which, in spite of his anodyne appearance, he was unquestionably endowed."

Drawing from the jacket of Conquistador, by Philip Guedalla, published by Harper and Brothers, New York

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That's the note—satirical pathos—that makes this book as poignant as it is amusing.

The Changing South by William J. Robertson is a useful compendium of facts and interpretation on how this section is rejoicing the nation, economically and culturally. The two main stumbling-blocks are political and religious solidarity, the ramifications of which are traced with skill and honesty. The volume has, as had Dr. Edward Mims's on The Advancing South, a two-fold value. It is proof that the South is getting focus on its own life; and an invitation to the rest of the Union to get hold of the facts of the South's upsurging renascence, and lend aid. But I do wish an Englishman would write a real study of its charm, its folly, and its hopes, and use a pen dipped in honey tinct with gall.

LEON WHIPPLE

Moody: Feeder of Flocks

D. L. MOODY, *by Gamaliel Bradford. Doran. 320 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

"ARE you a Christian?" was Dwight L. Moody's salutation to strangers. That question guides Gamaliel Bradford's pen in this understanding study of the great evangelist's gift and message. That question he re-echoes to the reader. Mr. Bradford, the gentle seeker growing old, and weary of the fruits of reason, cannot quite answer "Yes" but he reveals a wistful yearning to share Moody's robust faith, to learn its springs and rest in its comforts. "God seems to have drifted far away from most of us, or we from Him, so far that neither airplane nor wireless will bring Him back." Yet by some elemental power Moody did bring God home to millions. So with care, respect, tolerance, and learning, this biographer approaches the man from every side—as preacher, theologian, as man and man of business, as curé of souls, as colleague of Ira Sankey, the hymn leader who shared his triumphs—and brings us not the life of a preacher, but a Pilgrim's Progress up the mountain-sides of that preacher's faith. The Religious Book-of-the-Month Club was wise to send this study out as its first offering. It is a religious book.

The author is no hero-worshipper any more than he is interested in an exposé à la Gantry. Indeed he finds no superhuman gifts in Moody; that is just why his success was so mysterious and challenging. The facts of his rather simple life explain nothing. Here was this almost uneducated New England boy who sold shoes in Chicago suddenly feeling called upon to start a Bible class. He did, began to preach, found a potent aid in the sweet-voiced, but musically untrained Sankey, and before he had done had looked into the faces of over 100,000,000 people—more than any man in history. He died, having founded no cult and without a successor, leaving as his sole permanent memorial the religious training-school in his home town of Northfield, Massachusetts. He had some of the marks of the evangelist, "the incomparable energy, the unfailing muscular and nervous strength," and the gift for business management. He always found the money to carry on his mission though he had no desire for wealth himself. Yet strong lungs and shrewd wits do not bring people what Moody brought them.

Mr. Bradford applies all his cultural tests. Moody indulged little in abstract reflection though he had an active intelligence that absorbed from every source matter pertinent to his mission. He was no reader, his library being the Bible. As orator he was rough-and-ready with lapses

Portrait drawing from the jacket of D. L. Moody—A Worker in Souls by Gamaliel Bradford, published by George H. Doran, New York

to try a cultivated ear. In science he felt no interest; for art and nature he showed no appreciation. "All the culture in the world," he declared, "means nothing until a man has found his soul." The redeeming of this soul was his single purpose and, when he began to speak, some glory of faith and love worked through him for the good of his fellowmen. What he preached was the untouched Scripture, in the language of the people, enforced with homely parables, and enhanced by the emotions of communal music. He was untroubled by any mysticism that left his promises cloudy, or any philosophic doubts in the face of the tortuousness of life. Good works were praised but they counted as nothing compared to salvation through inward grace. So Mr. Bradford, almost reluctantly and after bracing himself with the contemplation of masterful rounded lives like those of Goethe and Sainte-Beuve and Anatole France that in the end found only world-weariness and world emptiness, grants the essence of Moody is without explanation. He had faith in God; he knew the worth of every soul; his message answered the deepest need of his followers.

The machines whir; the cornucopia pours forth pleasure for the senses; the ambition and services of life engross us; we forget for a little while. But on some days and on the closing day we are left alone with three facts: God, the Soul, and Death. This noble and unpartisan study of one man's answer to these facts should prove of help in preparing for that encounter.

LEON WHIPPLE

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(*Continued from page 703.*) Instruction for the public mind was represented by an article on Judge Gary, one on Nicaragua by Stimson, on stock ownership for employes by Cyrus McCormick, Jr., of the International Harvester Company, and one by an old Post reporter, Will Payne, the thesis of which was that much of the German and Belgian social legislation has been of dubious value to the workers. This might be interpreted as a counter-blast to the new German unemployment insurance law that went into effect last fall. The Post is far-sighted and starts its campaigns before most Americans know what all the shooting's about. Here is the usual balanced ration, fiction, entertaining fact, and something that is a cross between adult education and propaganda, and all in good solid slugs of 5,000 to 7,500 or more words. Mr. Lorimer says you cannot turn round in an article of less than 5,000. "My story writers insist on writing long short-stories, and I can't break them." We did not discuss the fact that long pieces run into the ad pages and carry readers there too, or the criticism that The Post's contents is woefully padded.

By the year The Post is imposing:

	1923	1924	1925	1926
Serials	21	21	25	20
Novelettes	8	11	3	16
Short Stories	320	339	410	437
Articles	351	413	455	421

It sounds impossible but the paper has been getting bigger each year. Whoever thinks The Post a light fiction magazine, please note that articles constitute fifty per cent of its contents, and the editor hopes some day to run that to seventy-five. In the last year statistically recorded, seventy new names were added to the list of contributors, including Will Rogers, Hendrik Van Loon, Andrew Mellon, Luther Burbank, and Henry Ford—and that's a cross section of America! The Post was especially proud of its foreign articles, particularly those that demanded payment of the European debts, and those that told the dangers in having essential raw materials controlled by other governments. These articles were mostly written by hand-picked Post reporters like Isaac Marcosson, Samuel Blythe, and Richard Washburn Child, all apparently ardent nationalists. I think it is easy to feel that The Post's reporters are not disinterested investigators, but go into a country to find facts that fit a thesis—and find them.

The Post still lays special emphasis on "the variety, soundness and interest" of its 61 business stories and articles, but it is not nearly so "business-minded" as it once was, or preoccupied with business techniques. The new angle is indicated by 46 articles reflecting the interests of women, in politics, in business, in society, and in college. This is a recognition of the changed status of women, and also of their power as buyers, or dictators of buying, of advertised goods. Two other high-lights illuminate our changing America, 34 articles on sport, and 29 on Americana. The Puritan work doctrine is giving way before the new leisure that must have its golf, and finds it pleasant to seek culture by collecting old bottles or curly maple beds. The study of America's past, both furniture and history, is also encouraging to nationalism. The following figures mirror our times: Theater and Moving-Pictures (41), Hotels and Food (11), Winter Playgrounds (11), Travel and Vacations (10), Society (7), Animals and Hunting (23), Gardening (8), and Art (1), Books (5), Community Welfare (1), Health and Disease (3). Among the themes not touched, one misses the old-age problem, progressive education, miracles of modern science, the Oriental awakening, industrial democracy, and peace. But The Post cannot do everything, nor do its readers want everything.

There must be room for the advertisers; on October 15, some 199 of them took 136 pages, or about 60 per cent. The editor's rule is not less than 50 nor more than 60. Naturally The Post does not discuss its revenues, but they sent me a rate-card, and told me to figure it out myself. I do not move easily among sums of such startling magnitude so I want it distinctly understood I do not vouch for these figures as a precise budget, but to suggest symbolic proportions. The astounding rates run: back cover, $15,000; center two-pages, $23,000; plain page, $8,000; two-colors, $9,500; four-colors, $11,500. The net return after deducting the advertising agency fee of 15 per cent approximated $1,042,000. The 2,840,000 subscribers paid $142,000 or a little more than a seventh as much; and of this The Post got probably less than half. What the authors got is unknown though on the average The Post pays top rates for its editorial contents.

Yes, The Post is a great bargain—if you do not mind being subsidized by the purveyors of things. The text is like a teller of tales hired by the merchants in a bazaar; you come for the tales but en route you listen to the solicitations of the vendors. And the tale that draws the most listeners and does not spoil the buying mood, or cast reflections on the bazaar is the one the merchants desire. To show how mere contemplation of The Post's grandeurs tends to change a mild literary gent into a certified public accountant, I add that I figured out that in a year the advertisers presented each reader with about $100 worth of literary trading-stamps—twenty novels, worth as bound volumes (and many of them attain that dignity) at $2, say $40, and articles, short stories and so on in proportion. In actual fact the income works out at say a $15 bonus per reader. The conclusion is that the national weeklies are not literary ventures at all, but super-salesmen.

BUT do not get the idea any advertiser or league of advertisers dictates either contents or policy to The Post. It is big enough to tell the other big fellows where to get off. It did when it opposed unrestricted immigration in spite of the fact that many business readers and some big advertisers let it be known in no uncertain terms that they wanted a cheap labor supply. The Post refuses to print cigarette advertising, at a heavy cost to its coffers. The rule was enforced with such consistency that, I have been told, you could not by print or pictures indicate in smoking-tobacco ads (which are accepted) that the weed may be used to roll your own! What The Post offers is first a table of contents that will draw millions of readers whose marginal attention it sells to commerce; and second, without being asked, a policy that promotes for the advertiser a favorable economic and political environment. This is precisely what the proprietors of the paper want for themselves. And the advertiser follows the self-preservative rule: Business before propaganda.

Now what is this economic and political environment The Post seeks to preserve and foster? We have the right to ask that question of this tremendous engine of publicity. The paper is not neutral or merely amusing, nor does it claim (as do some of its competitors) to be a mere private business, amenable to no social standards and

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indifferent to its own effects. It has a constant and sobering awareness of its social responsibility. I think the pains and frankness with which Mr. Lorimer answered my questions was a recognition of this. Nor can its authors escape the stern challenge: "What are we doing to the public mind and morals?" Corra Harris received 16,000 letters on one serial; these outpourings of the hearts of our people were expressed to her in bales. Another article brought in 600 letters. Albert Atwood, staff contributor, said:

"The evidences which come to me of the extent to which my articles are read, and the quarters in which they are read, often oppress and frighten me with a sense of the responsibility under which a writer for The Post labors."

The Post accepts and uses its power. The editor defined its central purpose thus: "We try to make a better America and better Americans." He has stated publicly: "The people of the United States know exactly what they can derive from it, not only instruction and amusement, but guidance on public questions and a consistent interpretation of American life and ideals." In this sense, The Post is propaganda from its human interest covers right through editorials, stories, articles, and pictures. We have evidence from high places. To quote:

In a recent interview with one of the editors, President Coolidge said he wished Mr. Lorimer to know that he regarded the policy of the magazine as sound and its influence helpful to the country. General Dawes in an address at Philadelphia called The Post the greatest agent for right publicity in the United States.

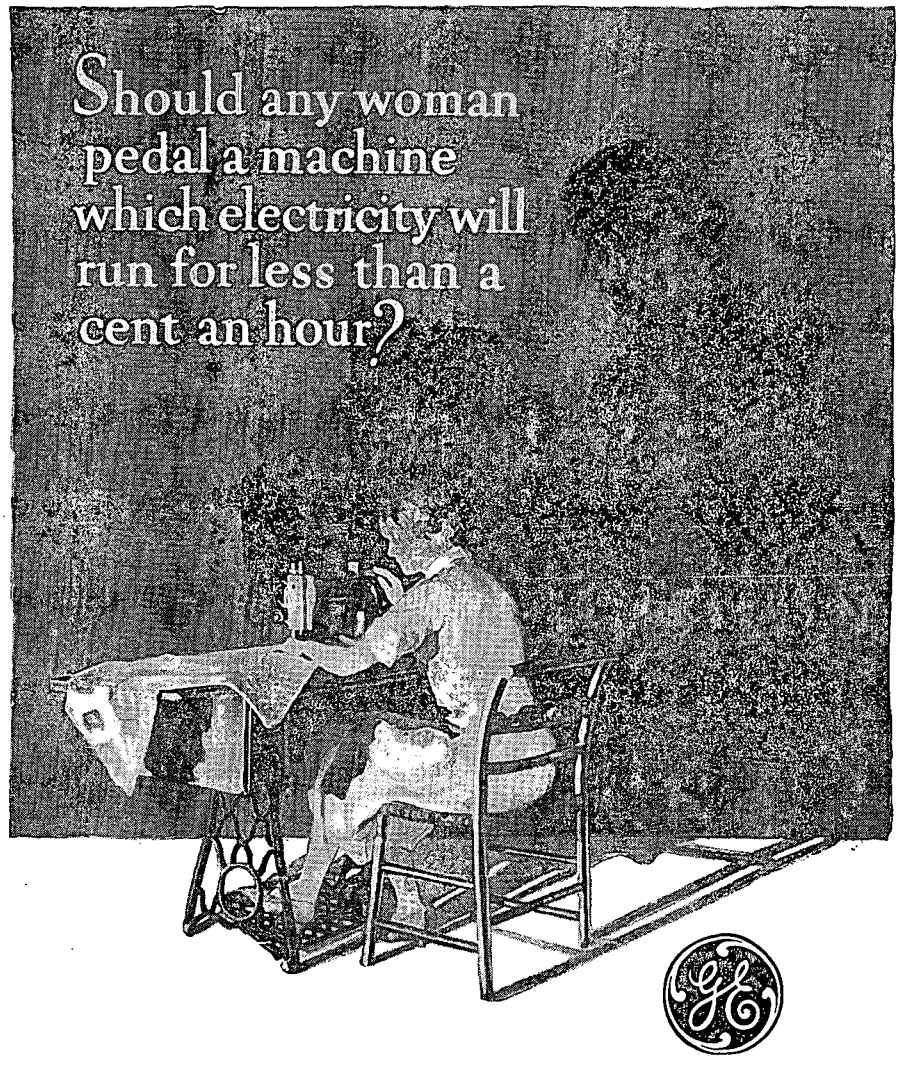
This was in the Fall of 1924 when both gentlemen were vastly interested in "right publicity" for their views and party. It suggests that fundamentally The Post is a Republican organ, but with a broader horizon than many Republicans embrace. The Post article is the paradisial dream of "the counselor on public relations." Mr. Lorimer declares that publicity hounds are the bane of his life; he has to scrutinize every paragraph to see that no propaganda gets in—unless he wants the propaganda. The standing and power of The Post gets the big name and the big story:

Big men in public and business life, trade organizations, and chambers of commerce—just as most advertisers do and all should—come to The Saturday Evening Post when they want to reach the public. The big exclusive stories usually come first of all to The Post because there is absolutely no question in their minds that we reach the largest and most intelligent audience in the United States. . . . When it seemed advisable to place before the public certain inside facts relating to the A.E.F. and the attempt to brigade our troops with the French and British, no other medium than The Post was considered for their publication.

That final sentence seems of profound significance.

This campaign of education (to use a gentler word than propaganda) is conscious and studied. It is most direct in the editorials where Mr. Lorimer and his colleagues wield vigorous, sensible, and often forward-pushing pens. They are frequently stodgy, and too largely concerned with economics, but they get a deal of hard sense across to whoever has energy to read them. The many recent editorials on health topics, urging periodical medical examinations, and those on education have been valuable from every point of view. The cartoons are rarely mere fun; they generally thrust home in easily grasped pictures some idea on politics or our social structure. They are heavy guns. Even the fiction is viewed in part as a way of giving the reader, almost subconsciously, a view of life. The Post declares that they express much of its spiritual message.

But the article is the chief instrument of "guidance." The Post preaches no sermons, nor believes in inspirational material because "they are usually a compound of hokum and bunkum



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. . . a Victorian blinking of facts. . . . Pollyanna does not write our advertisements; neither does she contribute to our editorial columns." The Post indeed seems sometimes to conceal its real idealism lest it lose some of the harder-boiled readers who look upon all preachments as somehow "radical." So it is that indirectly these pieces that seem so entertaining, factual, and non-calculated get in their best licks for The Post's creed. Some, of course, quite overtly urge a thesis; others offer but a paragraph in a five-thousand word matrix. You have to learn how to read this paper. This funny article on learning to drive an automobile is at bottom praiseworthy campaigning for Safety First on the roads, and tucked in is an admirable set of rules for any driver. This beguiling title, Traveling De Luxe in Europe, is an interesting picture of foreign travel, but please note that occasional implication as to how superior our passenger accommodations are to those on the government-owned railroads of Europe. That helps nationalism and fosters content with private ownership.

Consider prohibition. Mr. Lorimer favors the idea—though I cannot of course interpret his attitude toward the present form. His arguments are, as often, economic. First, it is good for production and does away with the old "blue Monday" when a factory found perhaps half its staff at home sleeping off the week-end revels. Second, it brings prosperity, and he agreed with a government secretary of admitted perspicacity who said: "Allowing for every other factor that can be counted as a possible source of our remarkable prosperity, I must say that twenty-five or thirty per cent remains unexplained except as the result of prohibition." Third, you can't run a machine civilization with drunks. "We shall have to choose between alcohol and automobiles," he said to me. "Imagine the death-rate with our present road congestion if every driver could get whiskey as freely as he gets gas." But you do not find any drum-beating dryness in The Post; that might merely antagonize the very considerable number of anti-prohibitionists among its millions. But you can find a very amusing, scientifically ballasted exposé of the toxic booze we are likely to drink. Convince people of the dangers in bootleg and they may stop drinking, whatever they think of the law.

No one will deny that this skilled direction of popular thought is often used for fine purposes. But it is, I think, dangerous. It replaces debate with a kind of Machiavellian paternalism; it molds popular thinking without popular knowledge; it blurs the picture by calculated emphasis and unsuspected omissions. Some trained penologists, for example, believe that The Post's series on crime was a misuse of journalistic research in line with the prejudices of the propertied class. The possibility of false perspective is illustrated by The Post's slant on our race problem; its pseudo-real, but farcical, tales of Negro life perpetuate old concepts, but it does nothing to probe racial discrimination or set forth the economic or cultural roots and changes. Its Negro is funny, not tragic.

IT is wiser in the long run to get all views in the open as The Post did when it let proponents and opponents of the World Court state their cases; or to take a plain and unmistakable stand as it did on immigration or conservation. In that old Collier's fight for our natural resources Mr. Lorimer has done yeoman service for national parks and forests, for irrigation and reclamation. Here he is thinking in terms of generations; he wants this nation to save its natural wealth for our children and grandchildren just as he wants them protected against an immigration that will crowd the land and lower the standard of living. He conceives this country and its people as a going concern to be kept comfortable, busy and happy, protected from resource-grabbers within and invaders from without.

"America for Americans" is his plea, for by nature, a *national* weekly must be nationalistic, pro-American, anti-foreign. By nature, it accepts our version of democracy and supports the Constitution. Yet Lorimer is no naive isolationist; he knows too much of what the bankers and engineers and entrepreneurs know; his eyes peer out over the world to see what business is going to look like on an international scale in the next half-century. He has the sagacity so remarkably absent from his rivals to send his star men to report on oil and raw materials, on South America, China, and all the far-flung colonies of

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capitalism. Yet international affairs do not seem to suggest giant human problems, or any duty from us; our concern is the delinquency of our creditors, the danger to our trade. The Post is, I take it, against any foreign entanglements; yet it wants raw materials and world markets. The vast surplus of this incessant mass-production machine The Post has helped create must be sold somewhere! How we can secure materials and sell goods, yet not get entangled, it does not reveal, unless its publication of Rear-admiral Magruder's plea for naval efficiency, Colonel William Mitchell's for air efficiency, tells of The Post's anticipation that one day we must fight it through. Here you fall off one of the edges of Mr. Lorimer's thinking, at least, his *public* thinking. He preserves his paper from intellectual inconsistency only by masterly omissions.

Americans are not international-minded and so the chief concern of The Post is still with domestic economy. The editor once said:

> Americans work and their first and last interest is work. . . . America's life is business, not as so many people regard it, an affair of musty ledgers and sordid haggling, but a big active drama of romance and achievement.

HIS periodical has done big things in staging the adventure and thrill of action and progress in modern industry, but it has not understood work as a creative expression for every individual being. The thrill it told was for the captains and managers and salesmen and adventurers and discoverers. Where was the thrill for the workers who had none of the glory (or responsibility) of directing the enterprise, and but an inadequate wage from its profits? Work to gain the creature comforts or as a moral exercise with craftsmanship, art, and culture as a fringe is not enough. If work is the soul of America, then it must feed the souls of all of us. The Post does not live up to its own doctrine; and the reason it is so bitterly reviled by radicals is that it does not hasten, but retards the seeking of labor to have a creative and democratic control over its own destiny. The wisdom and the blindness of The Post are in this statement, prepared for me by Mr. Lorimer:

> The editor of The Post has never visualized industrial America as the home of two opposing parties . . . and it has therefore never occurred to him to present the news of industrial developments as if it were the news of two opposing armies. We are all Americans together and all trying to get a living. Many writers of labor and capital believe that there are two bodies of contrary economic laws acting and reacting upon each other. The Saturday Evening Post believes that there is only one set of economic laws; that they operate without fear or favor; and that we are all amenable to them whether we belong to the capitalistic group, the management group, or the labor group. There is no publication in the United States more friendly to labor. . . . For the past generation The Post has been preaching high wages and low costs. During that period unprecedented progress has been made in attaining these ideals until today the American workingman is the happiest, healthiest, and best paid in the world. We are so close to our own industries and the relationships between labor and capital that we can scarcely detect the pattern. . . .

The question remains whether The Post has contributed to this new cooperation in real proportion to its power. Has it ever preached any way for labor to advance that was not paternal, or that did not add to the dropsical prosperity of capitalists? It has been vastly concerned over the troubles of the railroads, but has it given equal publicity to ideas such as the successful shop-workers plan on the Baltimore and Ohio, or the arbitration boards in the garment industry? It has enlisted the pens of presidents of the American Federation of Labor, but it has not used its tremendous resources for any scientific investigation of the coal industry or proposed any way out of our repeated and desperate coal wars. In spite of its conservation policy, it has taken no real share in the fight to protect our waterpower resources from a "giant-power" trust that may become the most efficient instrument of exploitation ever dreamed. What of the transition of labor into economic responsibility through labor banks or cooperative factories? To a question on the joint labor-capital control of common enterprises, Mr. Lorimer replied:

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say lately (and as a matter of fact we have printed a number of articles on these experiments) about profit-sharing schemes, golden rule methods, and other artificial devices designed to bring about closer relationships between capital and labor, there is a reason for the silence. Some years ago the Curtis Publishing Company, in order not to lag behind in this movement, made elaborate private studies of thirty or more experiments of the sort that had been attempted in various parts of the country. The unexpected result of these investigations was a conviction that very few, if any, of these plans can be successfully worked out on a large scale or over a long term of years. Profit-sharing is an alluring theory, but when the profits are in red ink, it falls to the ground. All such undertakings must be planned so that labor must always be the gainer whether capital is the loser or not. . . . The Saturday Evening Post believes there is one sound and proven basis for the betterment of labor conditions, namely, the payment of liberal wages for efficient work with the addition of substantial bonuses where the nature of the work permits.

That is clear and honest, but would labor have reached its present status had every one been thus unadventurous?

On the farmer, Mr. Lorimer seemed to be standing pat. The ratio of 11 articles in a year on agriculture against 61 on business speaks for itself. So did his laughing remark: "I have a seven-hundred acre farm near Philadelphia, and I guess I know something about the troubles of the farmer. I know how much money I make out of my farm." That, I think, is naive. It may be—I do not know—that the other Curtis publication, The Country Gentleman, speaks for the farmer. But at bottom Mr. Lorimer belongs to the merchant-manufacturer class and talks a merchant's economics. This, in spite of his admirable efforts to keep from getting provincial. He makes two transcontinental trips a year, and has driven cross country three times in an automobile. He declares: "I am lucky not to have to edit in New York. Conditions there are artificial, and you do not sense the interests of the rest of the nation." I suspect some biological adaptation of The Post to a Philadelphia environment. Pennsylvania is a vast maker-state, a digger of coal and iron, and creator of machine things. It has history behind, the tariff around, and Mr. Mellon above. By instinct, gifts, training, surroundings, and present vocation, Mr. Lorimer sees things as an urban fabricator and commercial agent, not as an agrarian. I wonder whether the grain states agree The Post does correct our mirror for local distortion?

Its editor thinks there are too many farmers and that they produce too much stuff though I do not recall any such complaint about coal mines or steel mills. His remedy would be more modern intensive cultivation, I presume on smaller acreages. Agrarian economics is in a bad way because farm lands have been over-capitalized by real-estate speculation, not on production values. He has no use for any variety of Populism. "I am against the McNary-Haugen proposition. It is fallacious and will hurt the country." *Per contra,* on the tariff, he says: "The extraordinary prosperity of the country seems to have reconciled the greater part of the population to the permanent existence of a protective tariff, and today the chief opposition to it, and rightly, is based upon its sometimes inequitable incidence and upon the methods whereby unfairly heavy protection has been secured." He has no fear of a depopulated agricultural area or a food shortage for the dependent cities. These views may be sound editing for The Post's audience, but they do not, I submit, precisely represent the nation's stake in the soil.

LET us finally as a relief from economics examine The Post's attitude on two elementals, sex and religion. On the physical side of sex morals The Post's pages are pure; no adolescent sex delinquency ever started in them.

Parents need never feel any hesitancy about having The Post on their library table. . . . There are far too many magazines that go out of their way pictorially in an effort to stir the reader's interest by showing extremes in feminine fashions and extremes in love scenes. Love interest in fiction as in life makes the presses go round, but a wholesome magazine will never abuse it. Our stories strike twelve, but not "sex o'clock."

The Post's stories are refreshingly free from triangles, paramours, *double entendres,* or gilded vice. No ladies in undies parade through its ads, and even the stocking copy is ultra-

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conservative. The circulation appeal is never sex. I am convinced this decency is due to the fundamental Puritan morals of the proprietors, but by a happy coincidence good morals here is also good business. When you get into the million circulation class and expect to stay there and make money you go through a purification. Advertisers want respectability —nothing radical, nothing low. They sell most of their goods to people who have permanent wives, raise families and own homes; the average American by million lots does not want smut in the home; the smut-drawn circulation is ephemeral and non-buying. The fly-by-nights do not furnish homes. This is an encouraging fact, and if the decency of The Post pays, it is no less praiseworthy for that.

But we may object that its virtue is negative, based on the absence of temptation rather than on the solution of dilemmas. If it omits smut, it also omits any serious and modern discussion of sex. Sex as it appears is largely the conventional apparatus of romantic fiction. The happy ending is dominant. The Post is up-to-tomorrow on machinery, but I sometimes feel Mr. Lorimer must believe in the stork. He talks of the duty of realistic thinking and claims his periodical is not published for juveniles; yet never to be concerned with the stern and tragic aspects of sex is neither realistic nor adult. It is an incomplete picture of love, marriage, and family life you get from its fiction; the domestic virtues are unfortunately not self-enforcing. If the readers of The Post try to live and love on the models of most of its heroes and heroines, God help them. They will find Mother Nature a harsher disciplinarian even than a time-clock.

YET here again The Post is our mirror. Has not American thought on sex generally been distinguished for silences and naive duality? One way of handling the matter (and the oldest) has been to go it blind, but hopefully! At all events, the total wisdom of the ages on sex is inconsiderable; whatever it is, and whatever its newer dogmas, they are shouted from the housetops a hundred times a day in print. Sex in The Post may be a deluding kind of 18th century play among Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses (albeit in plus fours and 8-cylindered cars) but its columns at least remain peaceful. Here is a retreat where the universal disputation is stilled, and the peace may be worth the silence.

On religion The Post is benevolently neutral, Christian but creedless. This too is an unreal silence, but it is hard to say what evangelism it could undertake in the face of so many different and contumacious faiths among its millions. It omits religion, per se, from its contents. You will find here no reaction to the vivid interest in religious problems reflected in our reviews; happily also no re-interpretations of Jesus by go-getters. Among the stories The Post asked me to read as parables of its inner spirit was one essay on a religious theme. But it was a study of new evidences for the credibility of the sources of The Bible based on recent archaeological research; it would interest all religions, but offend none. This sacrifice of the religious theme denies The Post any crusading fervor; and, I think, cripples its debates in other fields for you cannot discuss the young generation, crime, or international amity without somewhere coming to rest upon a final faith.

The Post deals with a workday world here and now, based upon elemental facts and emotions, and undisturbed by what intimations of immortality may be glimpsed through art or religion. It mirrors us insofar as we are a technological civilization in which self-preservation through things by enlightened selfishness is a principal philosophy. But it denies the charge of materialism:

> The editor . . . after an experience of nearly thirty years believes that terms are less clearly defined and generalizations are more frequent and ideas more vague in the discussion of materialism than of any other subject. The more-spiritual-than-thou critics seem to have an idea that they possess an occult gospel too fine and rare to concern itself with the human activities of everyday life. They might hesitate to indict the teachings of the New Testament for materialism; and yet, if they have examined them, they must know they deal with such workaday and material things as paying one's debts, living decently in peace and harmony with one's neighbors, and respecting the rights of others. These critics often fail to perceive that the things they

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brand as materialistic are merely a bodying forth of an inner and invisible spirituality. He who is truly spiritual is too busy applying his private beliefs to his human relationships to go about advertising the superiority of his own convictions. In other words we prefer to picture people who in stories and articles live their religion and ideals rather than to preach religion in special articles and editorials.

I hope I am no "holier-than-thou critic" for I believe that Mr. Lorimer labors with Spartan valor for his ideal better life in this nation; and I want no gospel that is not concerned with the everyday life—even of our humblest brethren. But the New Testament is greater than a code of ethics; everyday life possesses meaning only as it descends from eternal life. The critics who declare that in politics The Post caters to a group; that its economics is self-interest practised as an art; that its international views are competitive, have missed the nub of the matter. The Post will answer—"That is the kind of world we live in." There is the heart of the quarrel, age-old and non-arbitrable. It is not quite that sort of a world! Something endures after and above the sweet duties and virtues of our common need. Life remains mystical. The mirror that does not reflect this final glory of the spirit needs quicksilver.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR LOWBROWS

(Continued from page 707)

mother got sore this time, and called out, 'That's the third one in two days. Why can't you hang your brush in the new holder I got you?'

"'I'm so used to the other place, my hand goes up before I think,' complained Rita, turning suddenly and falling over the new bathstool, she knew was there but had forgotten. Then she *did* go to pieces! She just lay down and kicked. Jim shrugged his shoulders and sneered, 'Leave her alone, Ma. You've let her squawk that way since she was a kid. It's just a habit.'

"'Why don't you keep your old pajamas off the floor? That's just a habit too,' sobbed Rita. 'Maybe I'm the only one around this house that's got a reflex,'" and the paragraph for the student could explain at the end of the instalment what a reflex was and why.

It takes more space and more words to write a serial then a comic, which is a disadvantage. But serials need not be funny—can even be a trifle dull, which is a corresponding relief and freedom from expense. As the years rolled by and the public became used to bolder concepts, both girls might develop hysterics and insomnia, phobias and delusions. Problems of anthropology and biology, criminology, and even political science might be lightly touched on along in 1950, and epistemology, ethics and other ultimate categories arrived at as the century turns. Many, no doubt, would never consult the explanations. But with a superlatively funny dog to point the way, perhaps a growing number would. If no one ever did, and if no brows either high or low were ever wrinkled over Nadine's and Rita's problems, this whole educational scheme would, of course, be a flat failure.

But to return to our original thesis. The lowbrows are with us. They outnumber the intellectuals, and they are here to stay. They are born into a solar system which no one but Einstein understands, but neither they nor we need manage the Milky Way, so no harm is done. Neither do they understand other people or themselves. But unlike the stellar mysteries, their families and their friends cannot be ignored. They must he lived with, brought up, loved, endured, voted in or out, and paid for. Lem and Lena may avoid the immensities of the sky, but the humanities of earth none of us can escape. And fortunately a few facts about these matters can be grasped even by those who are not intellectual titans. Just as persistent education has made many people more sensitive to the hollow tooth or the hollow cough before they became toothless or were in their coffins, could they not be trained to observe the tantrums and daydreams, the fears, loves, solitary withdrawals, odd thievings, vagrancies, jealousies, talents and stupidities of themselves and of their children, and apply first aid and expert advice? And could they not learn to do this before the family

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is broken up and scattered in stolen cars, bootlegging cellars, disorderly houses, divorce courts, and asylums? With their vision thus clarified, might not their scrutiny of civic issues and officials become more thoughtful, and their detection of public as well as private abnormalities grow more acute?

Perhaps in time, Lem and Lena might learn something. Perhaps some facts about their fellows or themselves might lodge if reiterated often enough. Perhaps at least a law, a phrase, a system, could be gradually absorbed, even though not understood, as most of us accept gravitation without knowing why. Perhaps a course of psychological strips, and of scientific serials would start something. Perhaps the movies and the radio would take it up. Perhaps it might pave the way to something more. Perhaps it wouldn't. If not—WHAT WILL?

IS UNEMPLOYMENT HERE?

(*Continued from page* 681)

Cleveland reports that "there have been no special steps taken to alleviate conditions. The general feeling along the line was that the opening up of the automobile industry would be the greatest step to reduce unemployment." Youngstown, Ohio, increased public work "after March." "The only definite effort in Kansas City is an attempt to induce the County Court to appropriate larger amounts for outdoor relief." In Dallas, "The city has increased public work on the streets and allowed only residents of the city to have these jobs. They permit the men to work one week, then lay them off and take on another group."

"I do not need to state that charitable organizations cannot begin to meet the problems of an unemployment crisis," writes Joel D. Hunter, general superintendent of the United Charities, Chicago. "They not only cannot, but should not. I have been trying to get the Council of Social Agencies to appoint a committee of leading business men . . . [to confer with city officials], concerning emergency measures to take care of the homeless men who are now sleeping in police stations, on floors of mission houses, etc. Second, to increase the number of jobs available. This can be done in two ways: By speeding up some of the public works. My information is that about $12,000,000 will be spent in public works in and around Chicago in the present calendar year. Also, by increasing the number of jobs in private business. I think this can be done if the telephone company will continue the work that it has already begun in installing dials and railroads place equipment orders."

The Welfare Council in New York City has appointed a committee, at Governor Smith's request, to cooperate with the industrial commissioner in his survey of the unemployment situation in both city and state. This request was telephoned from Albany to a gathering of some two hundred social workers, representing nearly a hundred agencies. Bailey B. Burritt, general director of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, urged the following steps:

That Mayor Walker and the Chamber of Commerce be asked to consider active measures for increasing by five per cent the amount of employment in industry in New York.

That the city be asked to make $1,000,000 available for public improvements in such a way that the work can start at once.

That any city building program be advanced immediately and strenuously.

That the governor and the legislature be called upon to prepare plans for a more permanent remedy.

That the private citizens of New York be asked to increase by ten per cent their donations to social service organizations.

In spite of our experience in 1914-5 and '21-2, American communities have paid little attention to similar "standard recommendations" our carefully set up committees worked out to forestall or to alleviate just such a situation as now exists. The President's Unemployment Conference in 1921 not only mapped out such measures but instituted a searching study of business cycles and unemployment under the National Bureau of Economic Research. The Conference's own committee on this latter phase of the subject brought out ten major recommendations in 1923, covering not only such points as the collection of fundamental data, employment bureaus, and unemployment reserve funds; the responsibility of banks, the federal

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reserve system, and public utilities, etc., but the control of private and public construction at their peaks. In line therewith the Jones bill has been before Congress for 4 years. As John B. Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, summarizes it, it would

> appropriate $150,000,000 for public works, including rural post roads, river and harbor improvements, flood control and public buildings outside the District of Columbia. Work under this appropriation is to be undertaken only when it is apparent that a marked decrease of employment is under way in the construction industry of the United States. . . . Adoption of this "prosperity reserve" by the federal government would be of further help by stimulating the creation of similar "prosperity reserves" by states and cities.

A we read again of mass meetings and relief committees, of bread lines in the Bowery two blocks long, of evicted families and hungry children, we realize that we still have no means for measuring the degree or the extent of unemployment. We do not plan our public work to dovetail into the slack times in private industry. We do not know how to locate industry's stagnant pools and clear waters, and we have no way of shifting men from one to the other. With some four million workers unwillingly idle, we ask one another dazedly, "Is unemployment here? How much is there? Where is it? Why?"

WHEN MASS PRODUCTION STALLS

(*Continued from page* 686)

for 1927. Through the roof, came the well-intentioned plan of staggering shifts (a helpful move in a time of general depression) which under the circumstances tended to keep men from seeking other jobs. Meanwhile, they could not meet expenses at home on the part-time pay. Through the roof had come the assumption that high wages in the past had given Ford employes fat they could live on over lean months. Unquestionably there were many of whom this was true; and there were others of whom it was true until the part-time work had stripped them to the bone; then came their lay-off in such numbers that the local labor market could not absorb them. Men who had taken Ford employment in earnest as a means of permanent livelihood, who had responded to the Ford policy of encouraging high standards of home life, were among those who were squeezed hardest when the bottom fell out of their earnings and they could not keep up payments on their houses.

If automobile manufacturers or tool makers elsewhere invent anything that plays into the making or the running of a car, the management "on the roof" at Ford's are quick to know of it. But there was nothing to indicate that they had heard of what Hills Brothers or the Dennison Manufacturing Company have done in tackling the problems of broken employment, what has been attempted by pioneers in glass and machinery, what any one of a dozen firms in textiles, clothing, or novelties has tried out. Fragmentary things no doubt, but suggestive as a new crank shaft, or a welded wheel. Some of the problems of seasonal and intermittent industry are incurable, says Hoover; but some are not, he goes on, and every one cured is a contribution to their solution; towards finding some reasonable economic security for the individual which will "remove the fear of total family disaster in loss of the job." Ford cars have invaded Europe from Ireland to Russia. It is to be doubted if his overseas salesmen have sent back anything on the systems of employment insurance abroad, which are national inventions after their kind. But what of our own innovations—those unemployment funds to which firms and unions chip in in clothing markets, or the Huber Bill in Wisconsin, in which Professor Commons adapted to the hazard of unemployment a principle which has proved its worth with respect to the hazard of industrial accidents? It was not so long ago that our workmen's compensation laws were also something new under the sun. (They are about as old as the Ford car.) The need for them was equally neglected; their institution was a revolutionary bursting of shells of habit as between "masters and servants." Instead of our old hodge-podge of doctrines as to employers' liability and contributory negligence, which let the risks of work crash down on the worker and his family, they spread out some of the burden over the trade, and ultimately over the consuming public where

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these losses of life and limb belong as part of the cost of production. Similarly, following the Unemployment Conference of 1921, a special committee on business cycles under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young, underscored the importance of "reserve funds or savings during periods of prosperity from which the worker may draw during periods of compulsory unemployment." Their establishment,

by the employer or by associated workers to take care of foreseen or unforeseen contingencies has proved advantageous in the past. Neither reserves against decline of inventory value set up by manufacturers nor unemployment benefits of trade-unions are new things to American industrial life. The principle may well be extended.

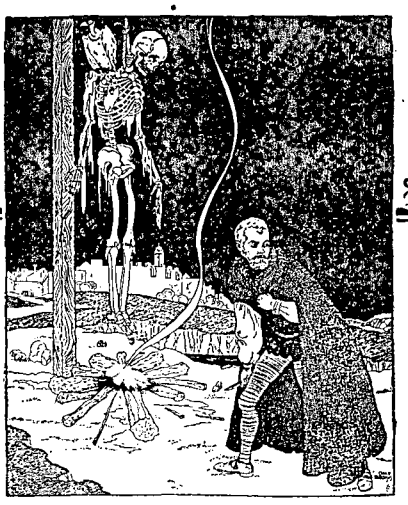
THE baseball diamond outside the employment office at Fordson had been thronged on Monday morning, the week of my visit, with men who wanted to work for Ford. Six or seven thousand men applied for work that week in December and they were hiring three or four hundred a day. The employment records gave them rehire lists to draw from in singling out men with the special equipment called for by any department. They were taking back their old men first, and the envelopes, thin and fat, were much in use. They were picking men for the assembly line, and here it was that the sifting process I spoke of in my first article was at work. They were after intelligence, activity, auto experience if possible; young fellows for the most part, American, Canadians, British; Scandinavians as well and Americanized Poles and Russians. "Every one wants to work on the new car" said the superintendent. That day a weasened old fellow had turned up from Louisiana; he had driven north with his wife in a Ford. And I was told of a "great big innocent kid" from Atlanta, who had announced himself as an "ex-convict." There was a bushel of letters from North, East, South and West.

There was something simple and direct in these hiring and firing negotiations, contrasting as they did with the more elaborate functionings of the employment departments of some of our big industries. Certainly the whole situation, the lure of the pay, the pressure for jobs, tended to create a picture of labor as a foot-loose commodity, welling in like a tide. If men didn't like Ford's bargain, there were a lot of oncomers who did. It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances, many an industrial executive comes to regard the employment reservoir as something to tap today and empty into tomorrow, without thought of its human entourage. That indeed was the crux of the situation when they laid off men at Ford's no less than when they were taking them on.

Then the burden of household support was being shifted from the payroll to some hypothetical base outside the realm of Ford concern. As a Detroit business man put it, the Ford Motor Company is a business not a philanthropy; with sales off, the only source from which wages could have been drawn was past profits. Yet that is the source from which an industrial corporation meets payments on its bonds during a depression. And a whole trade insured against unemployment could shift much of the load from profits to prices.

Meanwhile to cut down a working force is all but like lifting a mortgage and transferring the interest charges by magic to other shoulders. There was a saving, a bonus, if you will, on every man put on part time or lopped off Ford's payroll. The discontinued earnings of Ford employes did not coalesce into any obligation which had to be reckoned with in company plans, any pressure to shorten the lay-off and overlap the two productions; anything even to compare with the administrative concern over throwing out old machines which as tools were worth a dollar a pound and as scrap $9 or $10 a ton. The pressure was all the other way round. And in the general view, it was just the men's hard luck.

WITH such tenuous security from above, what chances are there of the automobile workers bestirring themselves from below, other than individually, for their protection? Union out-of-work benefits are not to be reckoned with at this juncture. The old craft organizations were long since ironed out of the mechanized industries of Detroit. The United Automobile, Aircraft and Vehicle Workers' Union of America, described to me as an embodiment of the One Big Union Idea, pulled a strike among the body workers at the



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Fisher plant some years ago which lasted thirty days. A strike last fall at the Briggs' plant was over in a week.

Among the old-line unions in the metal trades, the last strike of any consequence was that of 1920 in the Timken works, engineered by the machinists. Today, an employer told me there are scarcely 300 men in the machinists' local. A trade unionist put the figure at 700. At any rate, in this great center of machine production, it is inconsequential and President Martel of the city labor federation was frank to say that to unionize the 150,000 workers in the machine trades was too large a mouthful for organized labor in Detroit to bite off by itself. Initiative, to his mind, must be taken by the international unions. He disparaged the talk of a concerted campaign in 1926 in connection with the Detroit convention of the American Federation of Labor as something "handed out by the Chamber of Commerce to shake down a lot of manufacturers." He did it with much the same crust as, at the Manufacturers Association, they enjoyed recounting that the A. F. of L. had flivvered in an effort to finance such a campaign by assessing every member a dollar.

At the Los Angeles convention last fall, the executive council reported that with the work of one craft divided into thirty-four parts by the machine processes, the automobile industry requires "new types of organization." Two conferences had been held to consider inaugurating a general campaign "with the question of jurisdiction suspended." What will come of it is on the precarious ground of prophecy, but the more pliant leadership of President Green toward "organizing the unorganized" is what Ford would call a breaking of habit shells.

I attended a meeting of the central body in Detroit. There was joy over the outcome of a municipal election, which would strengthen them in the public services. The only fly in the ointment was the lament of the custom tailors' delegate that not one of the candidates they had supported wore a suit with a union label on it! The picture I came away with was that of small groups of unionists, who had contrived to build dikes against the undermining tides of non-union workers, employed and unemployed, which surrounded them. Indeed, I could not help but feel that they regarded the semi-skilled workers of the machine shops more as a threat to their security than as a field for missionary effort.

In talking with me, President Martel blasted the employers in the mechanical trades for firing out the unions, cutting wages, installing prison labor methods and what not. He was equally outspoken as to the Communists, a lot of hair-brained people whom it was wise to let talk their heads off. "But if Weisbord can crack open the situation and give the employers the hell they've given us, it's coming to them. They won't get any consolation from us—either way."

HIS reference was to Albert Weisbord, the young Communist who effectively organized the long drawn-out textile strike in Passaic. There is nothing gumshoe about his presence in Detroit. He has opened an office downtown and at the Manufacturers Association I was given a pretty explicit report of how he was reshaping the local Workers (Communist) Party in line with the program of the national body which calls for closely knit homogeneous groups. At the Ford plant, the secret service department had told me of their activities and seemed to regard them as less important, say, than the pilfering of brasses from the war transports under wreckage. It "lets them blow."

To Weisbord's mind unemployment in Detroit has been due not merely to changes in models but to such mechanization and speeding up of work that men are chronically jobless. And to him the change in models is but a curtain-raiser for the "most intensified competition that has ever taken place" (with the home market saturated, foreign makes and tariff walls abroad) between Ford's vertical trust and General Motors aligned with Dupont and U.S. Steel. He sees business headed for a slump within a year, further and violent market changes, increased competition, greater speeding up, longer hours, more unemployment, attempts to beat down wages—"and this in turn means increased opportunity to organize and revolutionize the working class."

Therefore what he calls their "ideological campaign among party members and sympathizers,"—shop and street "nuclei,"

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the shop papers filled with quips and exhortations, aired grievances and reports of rate cuts. Therefore the urgings of party members to join their respective trade unions and bore from within. Therefore the missionary work among clubs, sick and death benefit organizations, fraternal bodies and what they call "language fragments." Even now Weisbord claims they are the only group strong enough "to jam 3,500 to 4,000 people into some of the largest halls in Detroit—almost entirely auto-workers." Today, his soap-boxers are unmolested, the penny sheets sold at factory gates. This he regards as temporary, due to the "arrogance of Detroit employers," but—

> To organize here means jail and clubbing. We are organizing for struggle. When once the workers begin to move, this city will be the center of revolutionary activity. Any large strike here means a general strike. Any large strike means a revolutionary situation,—here at the heart of American capitalism and Ford worshipped all over the world. With hundreds of thousands of workmen out, 2,500 police are not going to stand in their way. That means the militia, the regular army. That means men shot down in the streets, and when a government shoots down men, events shape themselves.

In other words, if Weisbord is a prophet, Detroit will have more than an unemployment situation on its hands in case of a general depression. His thinking is not very different in kind from that which animates labor policy in certain high quarters, only in reverse. "High wages and subordination." "Wage cuts and insurrection." And if the troubled state of Europe teaches us anything in these post-war years, it is that dictatorship has its chance, whether Fascist or Communist, when and where democracy has broken down. And especially where it has been weakened from the opposite quarter. Weisbord was frank to say that "the workers would not come out on strike for Communism, but because the employers forced them. The strike would be on some concrete issue and for freedom to unionize." The general wage-cuts he anticipated were discounted to me by Detroiters familiar with the industrial situation; but there was no blinking the maladjustments in employment, for which the big employing corporations are ultimately responsible.

DETROIT went through a strenuous period in 1914, when it was one of the few busy centers. Thousands of men, accompanied by their families, descended on the city, with resulting suffering. In the effort to balance supply and demand the Employers' Association publishes a weekly bulletin, called a Labor Barometer. It maintains also a Free Employment Bureau, which, since its institution twenty-three years ago, has placed 650,000 workers in the plants of the city. The general front of the Employers' Association is indicated by a paragraph at the top of one of its folders:

> 97 per cent of Detroit's work people pursue their various callings without let or hindrance from organized labor domination.

The association stands for the "American plan," which in local practice in the building trades means that the strongest organized unions work closed shop on the same buildings on which the weaker trades work open shop. There was a sympathetic strike to unionize them all on a large theater under construction last fall. It was met by a muster of builders, owners, and bankers involved in the other great structures going up (one of them announced as the biggest office building in the world). A war chest of $100,000 was said to have been quickly subscribed, one maverick contractor was made to toe the line and the strike was nipped in the bud. It was a foretaste of what might happen if the dominant motor industry were confronted with a serious labor conflict.

In the Detroit factories there is no such hybrid situation. I was assured at the offices of the Employers' Association that men are not discharged because of union membership or activity; but was told that there has not been a unionized metal trades plant since the war. And to their minds, Detroit "would never have produced the automobiles it has if the unions were in the saddle." They point also to their freedom from strikes; and whatever its abatements on other counts, the execution of their American plan has very largely saved the flow of work in the big machine industries from disruptions due to industrial disputes. How else, when there must be at

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least two parties to a dispute? The charge is often made that individually, if not concertedly, the big plants stimulate the coming of workers to Detroit in order to have a sizable labor pool to pick from, to spread fear of losing your job and to keep control in their hands. The natural flow of fortune-seekers to the city gives color to such charges, but as against them must be weighed the national circulation by the Employers' Association of its Labor Barometer. Similarly, its mutual employment bureau is open to construction at once as a common service and as a potential strike-breaking agency. I have no means for judging these conflicting claims, but the bureau is a very apparent advance over the unrelated employment offices of individual plants, just as these are advances over hiring and firing by shop foremen. It is a city achievement in the organized handling of labor comparable to a belt-line railway in handling freight in an industrial center. If it leaves untouched the prime question of who is to carry the burden of broken time, its normal effect must be to reduce, rather than increase, idleness and wage-losses due to taking on and letting off men in the ordinary course of work.

So far as the larger dislocations in employment go, Chester M. Culver, general manager of the association, writes:

The fact that a solution has not been found only emphasizes the limitation on human ingenuity. The problem is not confined to industry, but is very largely a problem of marketing; which means that some way must be found to overcome the fickleness of the public. It is illustrated in just what occurred to Mr. Ford.

Nonetheless, there is a general feeling in the trade that Ford was very slow to make up and settle on the design of his new car. Other auto-manufacturers are credited with working two years ahead and with being in position to change models by departments. While Ford was making one shift in models, the Dodge Company made three and built one entire new plant in the process; Chrysler is said to have changed models with a gap of ten minutes in production; but theirs of course is a very different proposition from the mass operations at Ford's geared to a single complex output.

The veerings in public demand which call for such radical changes in production and engender chills and fevers in the wage-earning community, thus to a degree create what physicians would call their own anti-body. They speed up a management to get back into the market. From this point of view, Ford's huge surplus was like so much padding, dulling the jog of the market at his elbow. His employes hadn't that cushion; nor does the prospective discomfiture of other Detroit wage-earners have to be reckoned with on the ledgers of other Detroit factories in facing either market changes or a general depression. The complete dominance of the employers must exaggerate the tendency on the part of all to follow the line of least resistance, the tendency on the part of the least scrupulous to disregard the human element utterly, and thus to drag the rest down to their level.

Imagine, if you will, the healthier balance that would be struck if the unemployed-man-days to be anticipated in Detroit in the next five years were lumped into a great fund of potential labor power and Hoover or Couzens made receiver for it. Things would bestir themselves.

Yet while the immediate economic drive is all one way, that is not the whole story. You have the feeling expressed that here is something which management hasn't solved and which it will be held to book for, however baffling its own position in handling it. More than that, many big corporate industries, in seeking freedom from labor interference, have swung around to a policy of high pay and of beating the union to it when it comes to eliminating grievances. And they can't be unmindful that broken wages and no wages at all are hotbeds of discontent. Moreover, they have seen their policy not only as good for production, but as weighting the driving-wheels of prosperity,—building up a big consumers' demand among the wage-earners themselves. This is peculiarly true of the newer costly utilities—from radio outfits to bungalows, of which motor cars themselves are the prime example. The dishevelment caused by unemployment reacts all along the line. This has not escaped the attention of far-seeing business executives like Owen D. Young, who, in the committee report mentioned, visualized lessened earnings as intensifying the forces for financial depression.

And here in Detroit there is the leadership on the part of citizens, men and women who have thrown themselves into the upbuilding of this oldest of mid-western cities, come upon new days, and who are not unmindful that unemployment is a fault in its economic foundations which jeopardizes their structures of health, education and social engineering. One of them put it to me in a way which recapitulates the civic picture I have presented:

So long as there is the present competition, we are going to have fluctuations between makes. Chevrolet pushes Ford off the street, or vice versa. The Packard gives the Cadillac a run, or the contrary. Things change so fast you scarcely know who is up and who is down at a given time. Meanwhile, more is at stake than the car that passes you on the street. It's got to be looked at against the whole city landscape.

We must come to see the thing in terms of an intricate social disaster. Here they drag a man or boy off the farm where at least he is assured of bread and butter. He is lured to a big city like Detroit where he seems to sit on the top of the world. After a while a real estate dealer sells him a house—10 per cent down and 1 per cent a month. For ten years he is hooked on that 1 per cent. An auto dealer sells him a car on time. The whole instalment game operates on him—mortgages his income way ahead. Then bluey—he hasn't got a job at all. He can't realize on the equity he's got in these damn instalment purchases, and everybody else is in the same boat. A considerable number lose all they have and would starve except for charity. It hits the grocer, the doctor, the butcher, the moving-picture man; it hits the hospitals and the municipal government which pays the bills for relief, at the same time that taxes are defaulted.

There's got to be an answer that will stabilize income for the working man. I see perplexities in state insurance schemes, but that raises the question whether the industries will themselves create unemployment reserves of some sort. Too much of the thinking in this field has been confined to college professors and social workers. I look to results rather from the business leaders themselves. And less is to be got that way by damning them than by getting them to approach it all in a fresh way.

After all, Ford with his initiative and power merely exhibits in advance and on a huge drafting board, dynamic trends in modern industry. My feeling is that there is something instinctive and fundamental underlying his ruthless dismissal of executives, his nearsightedness when it came to social by-products while he laid-off men and overhauled his tools. What I have in mind is something different from the customary charge of autocracy lodged against him. He has had to buck tradition, business opinion, shop practices; he has broken shells of habit right and left. He wants orders obeyed, or his insurgency is short-circuited. There is always the danger that his course will degenerate into the whims of a narrow dictatorship. But on its constructive side, his is an intense desire to have his establishment free to experiment. His is the genius of foraging.

But other men have some of these same qualities; and with them an instinct for self-preservation, a passion for being masters of their own lives. Michigan was settled by pioneers. Not farm hands but farmers were the type. He is such a one. And it is not to be supposed that indefinitely their descendants, by the lathe and assembly-line side, will put up with a lesser estate in the collective adventure of modern industry.

If modern industrial operations are themselves to be kept free from the drag of human commitments, then the men who work at them must find security outside the day's job. Security against such hazards as unemployment. My best guess is that if Ford dropped $100,000,000 of his surplus in 1927, his employes dropped a sum very nearly equaling it in lost wages; but his hundred million was in a sense investment; theirs, in every sense, waste. If Ford, with his abhorrence for waste, should put his mind to work on the problem, something as revolutionary as his scheme of financing might come out of it. If he could visualize the junk of household goods and chattels, of smashed hopes and wrecked endeavors, thrown up by his lay-off, see it as he sees that great pile of war scrap at Fordson, and set his bent for salvaging at work to fend against a recurrence of that sort of thing as a tolerated factor in industry, what might not issue? (*Continued on page 728*)

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THAT heap of ships' bones in a sense symbolized something else. It stood for discarded machines and presses, for processes gone dead and assembly lines torn up, for gutted jobs and a great engine of mass production stalled. That is what impressed Mary van Kleeck, chief of the division of industrial studies of the Russell Sage Foundation and member of the President's Unemployment Conference of 1921, who visited the Ford plants last fall:

"Quantity production is inherently insecure; with so much staked on one product a slight change in demand can throw it out of gear. Europe is trying by 'rationalization' to stake out a market and to control output in relation to it. Even the coal industry has yielded in a measure to such control, as in Germany, where the miners' employment is relatively secure. Mass production with competition, as in the United States, leaves the workers' jobs at the mercy of overproduction through poor judgment as well as through changes in demand. Such unforeseeable factors can so wreck a production program that security for the workers is illusory. Mass production overdone is a challenge to our whole philosophy of increasing output, which has been the goal of scientific management quite as much as of profiteers. . . . "

Much has been written of the monotony of mass production. I have dealt here with its insecurity. In the decades when immigration was unrestricted, there were vast numbers of footloose men who could be taken on and off industry, with compensating ebb and flow at the seaboard. Detroit drew on a second supply of footloose men—the sod-busters from the country districts and small towns; and the suitcase crowd still gives tone to the town and its thinking on industrial problems.

But it is a different thing when workers have tendrils that have struck root in the households and schools of a city's life. Of the cases receiving relief from the Detroit Department of Public Welfare in 1926, there were considerable numbers born in Austria, Germany, Italy, Poland, Rumania, Russia, but together they did not make up a third of the total. They were not new immigrants. They averaged five to the family. And more than two-thirds of the total were born in the United States and Canada; over one-third were native white Americans averaging over four to the family.

The production men are better off as to wages and do a higher grade of work than the old-time common labor; but that was always merely the stepping stone for an incoming immigrant group. Their specialized aptitudes give them no equivalent foothold in other industries; their habit-sets even stood in the way of some of them getting back into the new assembly lines at Ford's. Theirs had been dead-end occupations. They had no equity in their work; no say as to the manner in which they were staggered or laid off. They might have been red iron ore or limestone or coal in the big bins at Fordson. And their footing as members of the community was equally shaky. Thrift is a good thing; but is it social thrift for tremendous corporate industries to count on individual savings as the sole protection against their own hazards? A year's savings go under rapidly before the fixed charges in a city where the cost of living is notoriously high. Modern business has developed all manner of credit schemes by which workers mortgage their incomes over long periods of time for equipment for urban living, but little as yet to give security for that income—or any part of it.

Ford has done more than any living man to strengthen the position of the man who would work his livelihood out on the soil. He has helped him master isolation and distance. He has put power at his elbow. But when it comes to the production men who build his cars, the net result of his hiring and firing is the other way round. High pay, fear, the urge of the machine and of the boss have been relied on at Ford's, like a four-cylinder engine, to keep them at work, and when the gas was shut off, they stopped. They were no longer production men and their livelihood was a flat tire.

The security of a city rests on the security of its citizens. Detroit needs to re-examine the underpinnings of democracy in this day of untrammeled industrial enterprises which have drawn such huge accretions to her urban mass—so piled up wealth and tall buildings, but so weakened the normal root-holds of domestic well-being.

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Take this business of unemployment, for example. The easy way is to shriek "depression," or to smug along with "prosperity." But what are the facts? They are there. The Graphic's job is to throw light on them.

And so with the organizations listed here. Each is a dispeller of fog, an illuminator of facts in some field of human relations. If you want to find your way among a mass of hazy facts, let them light the way for you.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, INCORPORATED—Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. A national, non-sectarian training school scientifically equipped for the study, education and development of problem boys and girls, on commitment and by private arrangement—ages 7 to 16. Supported largely by voluntary contributions. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION—409 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

COUNCIL ON ADULT EDUCATION FOR THE FOREIGN-BORN—280 Madison Avenue, New York. Community organization and clearing-house for education and citizenship among the foreign-born. Publishes bulletins and serves as counselling agency. Chairman, John H. Finley; Treasurer, William H. Woodin; Secretary, Robert T. Hill.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS—105 East 22d St., New York. Florence E. Quinlan, Executive Secretary. Composed of 23 Protestant national women's mission boards of the United States and Canada. Purpose: To unify effort by consultation and cooperation in action.
- Work among Farm and Cannery Migrants, Summer service for college students, Laura H. Parker, Executive Supervisor.
- Religious Work directors in Government Indian Schools.
- Bureau of Reference for Migrating People, follow-up of New Americans.

EYE SIGHT CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA—L. W. Wallace, President; Guy A. Henry, General-Director, Times Bldg., New York. Conducts a national educational campaign to promote eye hygiene. Urges correction of eye defects, protection against hazards, proper lighting. Comprehensive publications—lantern slides—lecture material. Cooperation of social agencies invited.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 28 Protestant communions. Rev. C. S. Macfarland and Rev. S. M. Cavert, Gen. Sec's; 105 E. 22nd St., N. Y. C.
- Dept. of Research and Education, Rev. F. E. Johnson, Sec'y.
- Commissions: Church and Social Service, Rev. W. M. Tippy, Sec'y; International Justice and Goodwill; Rev. S. L. Gulick, Sec'y; Church and Race Relations: Dr. G. E. Haynes, Sec'y.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro youth for community service. Collegiate work in Education, Agriculture, Home Economics, Business, Library Science, Building Construction, and Summer School. Publishes the "Southern Workman." Free material concerning the Negro and race relations. James E. Gregg, principal.

HUDSON GUILD—436 West 27th Street. Dr. John L. Elliott, head worker. Non-sectarian neighborhood house: organized to make effective in the community better ways of living and working together thru co-operative effort. Social, educational, recreational activities for men, women, and children. Health work; Athletics; Neighborhood Theatre; Mental Hygiene clinic. Supported by voluntary contributions and memberships.

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